

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series,
Volume XXXIX. }

No. 1994. — September 9, 1882.

{ From Beginning,
Vol. CLIV.

CONTENTS.

I. LITERATURE AND SCIENCE. By Matthew Arnold,	<i>Nineteenth Century</i> ,	579
II. NO NEW THING. Part III.,	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i> ,	588
III. SOME IMPRESSIONS OF THE UNITED STATES. By Edward A. Freeman,	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> ,	600
IV. ROBIN. By Mrs. Parr, author of "Adam and Eve." Part XIV.,	<i>Temple Bar</i> ,	614
V. AMERICAN SOCIETY AND ITS CRITICS,	<i>Spectator</i> ,	619
VI. SELFISHNESS,	<i>Spectator</i> ,	622
VII. "THE BURNING OF THE PROPHET,"	<i>Spectator</i> ,	626
VIII. KOREAN ETHNOLOGY,	<i>Nature</i> ,	628
IX. THE POWER OF ACCUMULATION IN SMALL SUMS,	<i>Economist</i> ,	630
X. PAPER AND PINE-APPLE FIBRE,	<i>Chambers' Journal</i> ,	632
XI. THE FOREIGN TRADE OF CHINA,	<i>Economist</i> ,	634
XII. MOUNTAINEERING IN THE ALPS,	<i>Land and Water</i> ,	636
XIII. HINDOO MARRIAGE CUSTOMS,	<i>Leeds Mercury</i> ,	638
XIV. OWLS,	<i>Time</i> ,	640

POETRY.

DEATH AND LIFE,	578	A BIRTHDAY SONNET,	578
SONG OF A POOR PILGRIM,	578	FLORA,	578

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & Co.

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

DEATH AND LIFE.

IN MEMORIAM JULY 18, 1881.

O DEATH! how sweet the thought
That this world's strife is ended;
That all we feared and all we sought
In one deep sleep are blended.

No more the anguish of to-day
To wait the darker morrow;
No more stern call to do or say,
To brood o'er sin and sorrow.

O Death! how dear the hope
That through the thickest shade,
Beyond the steep and sunless slope,
Our treasured store is laid.

The loved, the mourned, the honored dead
That lonely path have trod,
And that same path we too must tread,
To be with them and God.

O Life! thou too art sweet;
Thou breath'st the fragrant breath
Of those whom even the hope to meet
Can cheer the gate of death.

Life is the scene their presence lighted;
Its every hour and place
Is with dear thought of them united,
Irradiate with their grace.

There lie the duties small and great
Which we from them inherit;
There spring the aims that lead us straight
To their celestial spirit.

All glorious things, or seen or heard,
For love or justice done,
The helpful deed, the ennobling word,
By this poor life are won.

O Life and Death! like Day and Night,
Your guardian task combine;
Pillar of darkness and of light,
Lead through earth's storm till bright
Heaven's dawn shall shine!

A. P. STANLEY (1880).

Macmillan's Magazine.

SONG OF A POOR PILGRIM.

BY GEORGE MAC DONALD, LL.D.

ROSES all the rosy way,
Roses to the rosier west,
Where the roses of the day
Cling to night's unrosy breast!

Thou who mak'st the roses, why
Give to every leaf a thorn?
On thy highway here am I,
Feet and hands and spirit torn!

Pardon, Lord! full well I know
These same thorns that make me fret:
Down to help us homeward, lo!
Thy untwisted crown is let.

Oft upon the pathway rough,
Sheep-track steep up to thy fold,
In my hands the flowers came off,
But the thorns did keep their hold.

Out of darkness light is born;
Out of weakness make me strong
For the day when every thorn
Breaks into a rose of song.

Like a sparrow sits thy bird,
Chirping on the housetop dark;
Up when comes my morning third,
I shall mount, that morning's lark —

Roses, roses all my song!
Roses in a gorgeous feast!
Roses in a royal throng,
Surging, rising from the east!

Sunday Magazine.

A BIRTHDAY SONNET.

STAY, ruthless Time, touch softly on the brow
With feathered wing the one so loved, who
now

Holds forth a hand to greet you as you pass,
And checks the sand fast hurrying through
your glass,

Leaving a year's more love to swell her store,
Enriching that which she possessed before.

— Stay, Time, and ponder for a moment rare
Upon the life of one with whom to share

A tithe of all her precious gifts were fare
And honor worthy of the proudest claim:

A life of love, truth, spirit — all I name

Could not set forth the hold she has on thee.

Pass, then, with soothing touch, and give to
me

The cares which some must bear, but leave *her*
free.

Temple Bar.

N. T. B.

FLORA.

O FOR that afternoon, that lane
Where I pick'd flowers! Never again
Will common wild-flowers look so well, —
So freshly blush the pimpernel,
And modest blue and simple white
Stand in the grass to such delight!
I pick'd my flowers for Flora's sake,
Happy to have a chance to make
A nosegay she might chance to see,
And know that it was made by me.
I found a baby oak-leaf, too,
So I had green, white, red, and blue.
Spectator.

HENRY PATMORE.

From The Nineteenth Century.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.*

No wisdom, nor counsel, nor understanding, against the Eternal! says the wise man. Against the natural and appointed course of things there is no contending. Ten years ago I remarked on the gloomy prospect for letters in this country, inasmuch as while the aristocratic class, according to a famous dictum of Lord Beaconsfield, was totally indifferent to letters, the friends of physical science on the other hand, a growing and popular body, were in active revolt against them. To deprive letters of the too great place they had hitherto filled in men's estimation, and to substitute other studies for them, was now the object, I observed, of a sort of crusade with the friends of physical science — a busy host important in itself, important because of the gifted leaders who march at its head, important from its strong and increasing hold upon public favor.

I could not help, I then went on to say, I could not help being moved with a desire to plead with the friends of physical science on behalf of letters, and in deprecation of the slight which they put upon them. But from giving effect to this desire I was at that time drawn off by more pressing matters. Ten years have passed, and the prospects of any pleader for letters have certainly not mended. If the friends of physical science were in the morning sunshine of popular favor even then, they stand now in its meridian radiance. Sir Josiah Mason founds a college at Birmingham to exclude "mere literary instruction and education;" and at its opening a brilliant and charming debater, Professor Huxley, is brought down to pronounce their funeral oration. Mr. Bright, in his zeal for the United States, exhorts young people to drink deep of "Hiawatha;" and the *Times*, which takes the gloomiest view possible of the future of letters, and thinks that a hundred years hence there will only be a few eccentrics reading letters and almost every one will be studying the natural sciences — the

Times, instead of counselling Mr. Bright's young people rather to drink deep of Homer, is for giving them, above all, "the works of Darwin and Lyell and Bell and Huxley," and for nourishing them upon the voyage of the "Challenger." Stranger still, a brilliant man of letters in France, M. Renan, assigns the same date of a hundred years hence, as the date by which the historical and critical studies, in which his life has been passed and his reputation made, will have fallen into neglect, and deservedly so fallen. It is the regret of his life, M. Renan tells us, that he did not himself originally pursue the natural sciences, in which he might have forestalled Darwin in his discoveries.

What does it avail, in presence of all this, that we find one of your own prophets, Bishop Thirlwall, telling his brother who was sending a son to be educated abroad that he might be out of the way of Latin and Greek: "I do not think that the most perfect knowledge of every language now spoken under the sun could compensate for the want of them"? What does it avail, even, that an august lover of science, the great Goethe, should have said: "I wish all success to those who are for preserving to the literature of Greece and Rome its predominant place in education"? Goethe was a wise man, but the irresistible current of things was not then manifest as it is now. *No wisdom, nor counsel, nor understanding, against the Eternal!*

But to resign oneself too passively to supposed designs of the Eternal is fatalism. Perhaps they are not really designs of the Eternal at all, but designs — let us for example say — of Mr. Herbert Spencer. Still the design of abasing what is called "mere literary instruction and education," and of exalting what is called "sound, extensive, and practical scientific knowledge," is a very positive design and makes great progress. The universities are by no means outside its scope. At the recent congress in Sheffield of elementary teachers — a very able and important body of men whose movements I naturally follow with strong interest — at Sheffield one of the principal speakers proposed that the elementary teachers and the uni-

* Address delivered as "The Rede Lecture" at Cambridge.

versities should come together on the common ground of natural science. On the ground of the dead languages, he said, they could not possibly come together; but if the universities would take natural science for their chosen and chief ground instead, they easily might. Mahomet was to go to the mountain, as there was no chance of the mountain's being able to go to Mahomet.

The vice-chancellor has done me the honor to invite me to address you here to day, although I am not a member of this great university. Your liberally conceived use of Sir Robert Rede's lecture leaves you free in the choice of a person to deliver the lecture founded by him, and on the present occasion the vice-chancellor has gone for a lecturer to the sister university. I will venture to say that to an honor of this kind from the University of Cambridge no one on earth can be so sensible as a member of the University of Oxford. The two universities are unlike anything else in the world, and they are very like one another. Neither of them is inclined to go hastily into raptures over her own living offspring or over her sister's; each of them is peculiarly sensitive to the good opinion of the other. Nevertheless they have their points of dissimilarity. One such point, in particular, cannot fail to arrest notice. Both universities have told powerfully upon the mind and life of the nation. But the University of Oxford, of which I am a member, and to which I am deeply and affectionately attached, has produced great men, indeed, but has above all been the source or the centre of great movements. We will not now go back to the Middle Ages; we will keep within the range of what is called modern history. Within this range, we have the great movements of Royalism, Wesleyanism, Tractarianism, Ritualism, all of them having their source or their centre in Oxford. You have nothing of the kind. The movement taking its name from Charles Simeon is far, far less considerable than the movement taking its name from John Wesley. The movement attempted by the Latitude men in the seventeenth century is next to nothing as a movement; the men are

everything. And this is, in truth, your great, your surpassing distinction: not your movements, but your men. From Bacon to Byron, what a splendid roll of great names you can point to! We, at Oxford, can show nothing equal to it. Yours is the university not of great movements, but of great men. Our experience at Oxford disposes us, perhaps, to treat movements, whether our own, or extraneous movements such as the present movement for revolutionizing education, with too much respect. That disposition finds a corrective here. Masses make movements, individualities explode them. On mankind in the mass, a movement, once started, is apt to impose itself by routine; it is through the insight, the independence, the self-confidence of powerful single minds that its yoke is shaken off. In this university of great names, whoever wishes not to be demoralized by a movement comes into the right air for being stimulated to pluck up his courage and to examine what stuff movements are really made of.

Inspired, then, by this tonic air in which I find myself speaking, I am boldly going to ask whether the present movement for ousting letters from their old predominance in education, and for transferring the predominance in education to the natural sciences, whether this brisk and flourishing movement ought to prevail, and whether it is likely that in the end it really will prevail. My own studies have been almost wholly in letters, and my visits to the field of the natural sciences have been very slight and inadequate, although those sciences strongly move my curiosity. A man of letters, it will perhaps be said, is quite incompetent to discuss the comparative merits of letters and natural science as means of education. His incompetence, however, if he attempts the discussion but is really incompetent for it, will be abundantly visible; nobody will be taken in; he will have plenty of sharp observers and critics to save mankind from that danger. But the line I am going to follow is, as you will soon discover, so extremely simple, that perhaps it may be followed without failure even by one who for a more ambi-

tious line of discussion would be quite incompetent.

Some of you may have met with a phrase of mine which has been the object of a good deal of comment; an observation to the effect that in our culture, the aim being to know ourselves and the world, we have, as the means to this end, to know the best which has been thought and said in the world. Professor Huxley, in his discourse at the opening of Sir Josiah Mason's college, laying hold of this phrase, expanded it by quoting some more words of mine, which are these: "Europe is to be regarded as now being, for intellectual and spiritual purposes, one great confederation, bound to a joint action and working to a common result; and whose members have for their common outfit a knowledge of Greek, Roman, and Eastern antiquity, and of one another. Special local and temporary advantages being put out of account, that modern nation will in the intellectual and spiritual sphere make most progress, which most thoroughly carries out this programme."

Now on my phrase, thus enlarged, Professor Huxley remarks that I assert literature to contain the materials which suffice for making us know ourselves and the world. But it is not by any means clear, says he, that after having learnt all which ancient and modern literatures have to tell us, we have laid a sufficiently broad and deep foundation for that criticism of life which constitutes culture. On the contrary, Professor Huxley declares that he finds himself "wholly unable to admit that either nations or individuals will really advance, if their common outfit draws nothing from the stores of physical science. An army without weapons of precision and with no particular base of operations, might more hopefully enter upon a campaign on the Rhine, than a man devoid of a knowledge of what physical science has done in the last century, upon a criticism of life."

This shows how needful it is, for those who are to discuss a matter together, to have a common understanding as to the sense of the terms they employ, — how

needful, and how difficult. What Professor Huxley says, implies just the reproach which is so often brought against the study of belles-lettres, as they are called: that the study is an elegant one, but slight and ineffectual; a smattering of Greek and Latin and other ornamental things, of little use for any one whose object is to get at truth. So, too, M. Renan talks of the "superficial humanism" of a school course which treats us as if we were all going to be poets, writers, orators, and he opposes this humanism to positive science, or the critical search after truth. And there is always a tendency in those who are remonstrating against the predominance of letters in education, to understand by letters belles-lettres, and by belles-lettres a superficial humanism, the opposite of science or true knowledge.

But when we talk of knowing Greek and Roman antiquity, for instance, which is what people have called humanism, we mean a knowledge which is something more than a superficial humanism, mainly decorative. "I call all teaching *scientific*," says Wolf, the critic of Homer, "which is systematically laid out and followed up to its original sources. For example: a knowledge of classical antiquity is scientific when the remains of classical antiquity are correctly studied in the original languages." There can be no doubt that Wolf is perfectly right, that all learning is scientific which is systematically laid out and followed up to its original sources, and that a genuine humanism is scientific.

When I speak of knowing Greek and Roman antiquity, therefore, as a help to knowing ourselves and the world, I mean more than a knowledge of so much vocabulary, so much grammar, so many portions of authors, in the Greek and Latin languages. I mean knowing the Greeks and Romans, and their life and genius, and what they were and did in the world; what we get from them, and what is its value. That, at least, is the ideal; and when we talk of endeavoring to know Greek and Roman antiquity as a help to knowing ourselves and the world, we mean endeavoring so to know them as to satisfy this ideal, however much we may still fall short of it.

The same as to knowing our own and other modern nations, with the aim of getting to understand ourselves and the world. To know the best that has been thought and said by the modern nations, is to know, says Professor Huxley, "only what modern *literatures* have to tell us; it is the criticism of life contained in modern literature." And yet "the distinctive character of our times," he urges, "lies in the vast and constantly increasing part which is played by natural knowledge." And how, therefore, can a man, devoid of knowledge of what physical science has done in the last century, enter hopefully upon a criticism of modern life?

Let us, I say, be agreed about the meaning of the terms we are using. I talk of knowing the best which has been thought and uttered in the world; Professor Huxley says this means knowing *literature*. Literature is a large word; it may mean everything written with letters or printed in a book. Euclid's Elements and Newton's Principia are thus literature. All knowledge that reaches us through books is literature. But by literature Professor Huxley means belles-lettres. He means to make me say, that knowing the best which has been thought and said by the modern nations is knowing their belles-lettres and no more. And this is no sufficient equipment, he argues, for a criticism of modern life. But as I do not mean, by knowing ancient Rome, knowing merely more or less of Latin belles-lettres, and taking no account of Rome's military and political and legal and administrative work in the world; and as, by knowing ancient Greece, I understand knowing her as the giver of Greek art, and the guide to a free and right use of reason and to scientific method, and the founder of our mathematics and physics and astronomy and biology — I understand knowing her as all this, and not merely knowing certain Greek poems, histories, and speeches, — so as to the knowledge of modern nations also. By knowing modern nations, I mean not merely knowing their belles-lettres, but knowing also what has been done by such men as Copernicus, Galileo, Newton, Darwin. "Our ancestors learned," says Professor Huxley, "that the earth is the centre of the visible universe, and that man is the cynosure of things terrestrial; and more especially was it inculcated that the course of nature had no fixed order, but that it could be, and constantly was, altered." But for us now, says Professor Huxley, "the notions of the beginning

and the end of the world entertained by our forefathers are no longer credible. It is very certain that the earth is not the chief body in the material universe, and that the world is not subordinated to man's use. It is even more certain that nature is the expression of a definite order, with which nothing interferes." "And yet," he cries, "the purely classical education advocated by the representatives of the humanists in our day gives no inkling of all this!"

In due place and time we will perhaps touch upon the question of classical education, but at present the question is as to what is meant by knowing the best which modern nations have thought and said. It is not knowing their belles-lettres merely that is meant. To know Italian belles-lettres is not to know Italy, and to know English belles-lettres is not to know England. Into knowing Italy and England there comes a great deal more, Galileo and Newton amongst it. The reproach of being a superficial humanism, a tincture of belles-lettres, may attach rightly enough to some other disciplines; but to the particular discipline recommended when I proposed knowing the best that has been thought and said in the world, it does not apply. In that best I certainly include what in modern times has been thought and said by the great observers and knowers of nature.

There is, therefore, really no question between Professor Huxley and me as to whether knowing the results of the scientific study of nature is not required as a part of our culture, as well as knowing the products of literature and art. But to follow the processes by which those results are reached ought, say the friends of physical science, to be made the staple of education for the bulk of mankind. And here there does arise a question between those whom Professor Huxley calls with playful sarcasm "the Levites of culture," and those whom the poor humanist is sometimes apt to regard as its Nebuchadnezzars.

The great results of the scientific investigation of nature we are agreed upon knowing, but how much of our study are we bound to give to the processes by which those results are reached? The results have their visible bearing on human life. But all the processes, too, all the items of fact, by which those results are established, are interesting. All knowledge is interesting to a wise man, and the knowledge of nature is interesting to all men. It is very interesting to know

that from the albuminous white of the egg the chick in the egg gets the materials for its flesh, bones, blood, and feathers, while from the fatty yolk of the egg it gets the heat and energy which enable it at length to break its shell and begin the world. It is less interesting, perhaps, but still it is interesting, to know that when a taper burns, the wax is converted into carbonic acid and water. Moreover, it is quite true that the habit of dealing with facts which is given by the study of nature is, as the friends of physical science praise it for being, an excellent discipline. The appeal is to observation and experiment; not only is it said that the thing is so, but we can be made to see that it is so. Not only does a man tell us that when a taper burns the wax is converted into carbonic acid and water, as a man may tell us, if he likes, that Charon is in his boat on the Styx, or that Victor Hugo is a truly great poet; but we are made to see that the conversion into carbonic acid and water does really happen. This reality of natural knowledge it is, which makes the friends of physical science contrast it, as a knowledge of things, with the humanist's knowledge, which is, say they, a knowledge of words. And hence Professor Huxley is moved to lay it down that "for the purpose of attaining real culture, an exclusively scientific education is at least as effectual as an exclusively literary education." And a certain president of the Section for Mechanical Science in the British Association is, in Scripture phrase, "very bold," and declares that if a man, in his education, "has substituted literature and history for natural science, he has chosen the less useful alternative." Whether we go these lengths or not, we must all admit that in natural science the habit gained of dealing with facts is a most valuable discipline, and that every one should have some experience of it.

But it is proposed to make the training in natural science the main part of education, for the great majority of mankind at any rate. And here, I confess, I part company with the friends of physical science, with whom up to this point I have been agreeing. In differing from them, however, I wish to proceed with the utmost caution and diffidence. The smallness of my acquaintance with the disciplines of natural science is ever before my mind, and I am fearful of doing them injustice. The ability of the partisans of natural science makes them formidable persons to contradict. The tone of tentative inquiry, which befits a being of dim

faculties and bounded knowledge, is the tone I would wish to take and not to depart from. At present it seems to me, that those who are for giving to natural knowledge, as they call it, the chief place in the education of the majority of mankind, leave one important thing out of their account — the constitution of human nature. But I put this forward on the strength of some facts not at all recon- dited, very far from it; facts capable of being stated in the simplest possible fashion, and to which, if I so state them, the man of science will, I am sure, be willing to allow their due weight.

Deny the facts altogether, I think, he hardly can. He can hardly deny, that when we set ourselves to enumerate the powers which go to the building up of human life, and say that they are the power of conduct, the power of intellect and knowledge, the power of beauty, and the power of social life and manners — he can hardly deny that this scheme, though drawn in rough and plain lines and not pretending to scientific exactness, does yet give a fairly true account of the matter. Human nature is built up by these powers; we have the need for them all. This is evident enough, and the friends of physical science will admit it. But perhaps they may not have sufficiently observed another thing: namely, that these powers just mentioned are not isolated, but there is in the generality of mankind a perpetual tendency to relate them one to another in divers ways. With one such way of relating them I am particularly concerned here. Following our instinct for intellect and knowledge, we acquire pieces of knowledge; and presently, in the generality of men, there arises the desire to relate these pieces of knowledge to our sense for conduct, to our sense for beauty, and there is weariness and dissatisfaction if the desire is balked. Now in this desire lies, I think, the strength of that hold which letters have upon us.

All knowledge is, as I said just now, interesting; and even items of knowledge which from the nature of the case cannot well be related, but must stand isolated in our thoughts, have their interest. Even lists of exceptions have their interest. If we are studying Greek accents, it is interesting to know that *país* and *pas*, and some other monosyllables of the same form of declension, do not take the circumflex upon the last syllable of the genitive plural, but vary, in this respect, from the common rule. If we are studying

physiology, it is interesting to know that the pulmonary artery carries dark blood and the pulmonary vein carries bright blood, departing in this respect from the common rule for the division of labor between the veins and the arteries. But every one knows how we seek naturally to combine the pieces of our knowledge together, to bring them under general rules, to relate them to principles; and how unsatisfactory and tiresome it would be to go on forever learning lists of exceptions, or accumulating items of fact which must stand isolated.

Well, that same need of relating our knowledge which operates here within the sphere of our knowledge itself, we shall find operating, also, outside that sphere. We feel, as we go on learning and knowing, the vast majority of mankind feel the need of relating what we have learnt and known to the sense which we have in us for conduct, to the sense which we have in us for beauty.

The prophetess Diotima explained to Socrates that love is, in fact, nothing but the desire in men that good should be forever present to them. The primordial desire it is, I suppose — this desire in men that good should be forever present to them — which causes in us the instinct for relating our knowledge to our sense for conduct and to our sense for beauty. At any rate, with men in general the instinct exists. Such is human nature. Such is human nature; and in seeking to gratify the instinct we are following the instinct of self-preservation in humanity.

Knowledges which cannot be directly related to the sense for beauty, to the sense for conduct, are instrument-knowledges; they lead on to other knowledge, which can. A man who passes his life in instrument-knowledges is a specialist. They may be invaluable as instruments to something beyond, for those who have the gift thus to employ them; and they may be disciplines in themselves wherein it is useful to every one to have some schooling. But it is inconceivable that the generality of men should pass all their mental life with Greek accents or with formal logic. My friend Professor Sylvester, who holds transcendental doctrines as to the virtue of mathematics, is far away in America; and therefore if in the Cambridge Senate House one may say such a thing without profaneness, I will hazard the opinion that for the majority of mankind a little of mathematics, also, goes a long way. Of course this is quite consistent with their being of immense im-

portance as an instrument to something else; but it is the few who have the aptitude for thus using them, not the bulk of mankind.

The natural sciences do not stand on the same footing with these instrument-knowledges. Experience shows us that the generality of men will find more interest in learning that when a taper burns the wax is converted into carbonic acid and water, or in learning the explanation of the phenomenon of dew, or in learning how the circulation of the blood is carried on, than they find in learning that the genitive plural of *pais* and *pas* does not take the circumflex on the termination. And one piece of natural knowledge is added to another, and others to that, and at last we come to propositions so interesting as the proposition that "our ancestor was a hairy quadruped furnished with a tail and pointed ears, probably arboreal in his habits." Or we come to propositions of such reach and importance as those which Professor Huxley brings us, when he says that the notions of our forefathers about the beginning and the end of the world were all wrong, and that nature is the expression of a definite order with which nothing interferes.

Interesting, indeed, these results of science are, important they are, and we should all be acquainted with them. But what I now wish you to mark is, that we are still, when they are propounded to us and we receive them, we are still in the sphere of intellect and knowledge. And for the generality of men there will be found, I say, to arise, when they have duly taken in the proposition that their ancestor was "a hairy quadruped furnished with a tail and pointed ears, probably arboreal in his habits," there will be found to arise an invincible desire to relate this proposition to the sense within them for conduct and to the sense for beauty. But this the men of science will not do for us, and will hardly, even, profess to do. They will give us other pieces of knowledge, other facts, about other animals and their ancestors, or about plants, or about stones, or about stars; and they may finally bring us to those "general conceptions of the universe which have been forced upon us," says Professor Huxley, "by physical science." But still it will be knowledge only which they give us; knowledge not put for us into relation with our sense for conduct, our sense for beauty, and touched with emotion by being so put; not thus put for us, and therefore, to the majority of

mankind, after a certain while unsatisfying, wearying.

Not to do the born naturalist, I admit. But what do we mean by a born naturalist? We mean a man in whom the zeal for observing nature is so strong and eminent that it marks him off from the bulk of mankind. Such a man will pass his life happily in collecting natural knowledge and reasoning upon it, and will ask for nothing, or hardly anything, more. I have heard it said that the sagacious and admirable naturalist whom we have lately lost, Mr. Darwin, once owned to a friend that for his part he did not experience the necessity for two things which most men find so necessary to them—poetry and religion; science and the domestic affections, he thought, were enough. To a born naturalist, I can well understand that this should seem so. So absorbing is his occupation with nature, so strong his love for his occupation, that he goes on acquiring natural knowledge and reasoning upon it, and has little time or inclination for thinking about getting it related to the desire in man for conduct, the desire in man for beauty. He relates it to them for himself as he goes along, so far as he feels the need; and he draws from the domestic affections all the additional solace necessary. But then Darwins are very rare. Another great and admirable master of natural knowledge, Faraday, was a Sandemanian. That is to say, he related his knowledge to his instinct for conduct and to his instinct for beauty by the aid of that respectable Scottish sectary, Robert Sandeman. And for one man amongst us with the disposition to do as Darwin did in this respect, there are fifty, probably, with the disposition to do as Faraday.

Professor Huxley holds up to scorn mediæval education, with its neglect of the knowledge of nature, its poverty of literary studies, its formal logic devoted to "showing how and why that which the Church said was true must be true." But the great mediæval universities were not brought into being, we may be sure, by the zeal for giving a jejune and contemptible education. Kings have been our nursing fathers, and queens have been our nursing mothers, but not for this. Our universities came into being because the supposed knowledge delivered by Scripture and the Church so deeply engaged men's hearts, and so simply, easily, and powerfully related itself to the desire for conduct, the desire for beauty—the general desire in men, as Diotima said,

that good should be forever present to them. All other knowledge was dominated by this supposed knowledge and was subordinated to it, because of the surpassing strength of the hold which it gained upon men's affections by allying itself profoundly with their sense for conduct and their sense for beauty.

But now, says Professor Huxley, conceptions of the universe fatal to the notions held by our forefathers have been forced upon us by physical science. Grant to him that they are thus fatal, that they must and will become current everywhere, and that every one will finally perceive them to be fatal to the beliefs of our forefathers. The need of humane letters, as they are truly called, because they serve the paramount desire in men that good should be forever present to them,—the need of humane letters to establish a relation between the new conceptions and our instinct for beauty, our instinct for conduct, is only the more visible. The middle age could do without humane letters, as it could do without the study of nature, because its supposed knowledge was made to engage its emotions so powerfully. Grant that the supposed knowledge disappears, its power of being made to engage the emotions will of course disappear along with it—but the emotions will remain. Now if we find by experience that humane letters have an undeniable power of engaging the emotions, the importance of humane letters in man's training becomes not less, but greater, in proportion to the success of science in extirpating what it calls "mediæval thinking."

Have humane letters, have poetry and eloquence, the power here attributed to them of engaging the emotions, and how do they exercise it? and if they have it and exercise it, how do they exercise it in relating the results of natural science to man's sense for conduct, his sense for beauty? All these questions may be asked. First, have poetry and eloquence the power of calling out the emotions? The appeal is to experience. Experience shows us that for the vast majority of men, for mankind in general, they have the power. Next, how do they exercise it? And this is perhaps a case for applying the Preacher's words: "Though a man labor to seek it out, yet he shall not find it; yea, further, though a wise man think to know it, yet shall he not be able to find it." Why should it be one thing, in its effect upon the emotions, to say, "Patience is a virtue," and quite another

thing, in its effect upon the emotions, to say with Homer, —

τλητὸν γὰρ Μοῖραι θυμὸν θέσαν ἀνθρώποισιν.*

"for an enduring heart have the destinies appointed to the children of men"? Why should it be one thing, in its effect upon the emotions, to say with Spinoza, *Felicitas in eo consistit quod homo suum esse conservare potest*, "Man's happiness consists in his being able to preserve his own essence," and quite another thing, in its effect upon the emotions, to say, "What is a man advantaged, if he gain the whole world, and lose himself, forfeit himself?" How does this difference of effect arise? I cannot tell, and I am not much concerned to know; the important thing is that it does arise and that we can profit by it. But how, finally, are poetry and eloquence to exercise the power of relating the results of natural science to man's instinct for conduct, his instinct for beauty? And here again I answer that I do not know how they will exercise it, but that they can and will exercise it I am sure. I do not mean that modern philosophical poets and modern philosophical moralists are to relate for us the results of modern scientific research to our need for conduct, our need for beauty. I mean that we shall find, as a matter of experience, if we know the best that has been thought and uttered in the world, we shall find that the art and poetry and eloquence of men who lived, perhaps, long ago, who had the most limited natural knowledge, who had the most erroneous conceptions about many important matters, we shall find that they have in fact not only the power of refreshing and delighting us, they have also the power, — such is the strength and worth, in essentials, of their authors' criticism of life, — they have a fortifying and elevating and quickening and suggestive power capable of wonderfully helping us to relate the results of modern science to our need for conduct, our need for beauty. Homer's conceptions of the physical universe were, I imagine, grotesque; but really, under the shock of hearing from modern science that "the world is not subordinated to man's use, and that man is not the cynosure of things terrestrial," I could desire no better comfort than Homer's line which I quoted just now, —

τλητὸν γὰρ Μοῖραι θυμὸν θέσαν ἀνθρώποισιν,

"for an enduring heart have the destinies appointed to the children of men."

* Iliad xxiv. 49.

And the more that men's minds are cleared, the more that the results of science are frankly accepted, the more that poetry and eloquence come to be studied as what they really are — the criticism of life by gifted men, alive and active with extraordinary power at an unusual number of points; so much the more will the value of humane letters, and of art also, which is an utterance having a like kind of power with theirs, be felt and acknowledged, and their place in education be secured.

Let us, all of us, avoid as much as possible any invidious comparison between the merits of humane letters, as means of education, and the merits of the natural sciences. But when some president of a Section for Mechanical Science insists on making the comparison, and tells us that "he who in his training has substituted literature and history for natural science has chosen the less useful alternative," let us say to him that the student of humane letters only, will at least know also the great general conceptions brought in by modern physical science; for science, as Professor Huxley says, forces them upon us all. But the student of the natural sciences only, will, by our very hypothesis, know nothing of humane letters; not to mention that in setting himself to be perpetually accumulating natural knowledge, he sets himself to do what only specialists have the gift for doing genially. And so he will be unsatisfied, or at any rate incomplete, and even more incomplete than the student of humane letters.

I once mentioned in a school-report how a young man in a training college, having to paraphrase the passage in "Macbeth" beginning, —

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?

turned this line into, "Can you not wait upon the lunatic?" And I remarked what a curious state of things it would be, if every pupil of our primary schools knew that when a taper burns the wax is converted into carbonic acid and water, and thought at the same time that a good paraphrase for

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?

was, "Can you not wait upon the lunatic." If one is driven to choose, I think I would rather have a young person ignorant about the converted wax, but aware that "Can you not wait upon the lunatic?" is bad, than a young person whose education had left things the other way.

Or to go higher than the pupils of our primary schools. I have in my mind's eye a member of Parliament who goes to travel in America, who relates his travels, and who shows a really masterly knowledge of the geology of the country and of its mining capabilities, but who ends by gravely suggesting that the United States should borrow a prince from our royal family and should make him their king, and should create a House of Lords of great landed proprietors after the pattern of ours; and then America, he thinks, would have her future happily secured. Surely, in this case, the president of the Section for Mechanical Science would himself hardly say that our member of Parliament, by concentrating himself upon geology and mining and so on, and not attending to literature and history, had "chosen the more useful alternative."

If then there is to be separation and option between humane letters on the one hand, and the natural sciences on the other, the great majority of mankind, all who have not exceptional and overpowering aptitudes for the study of nature, would do well, I cannot but think, to choose to be educated in humane letters rather than in the natural sciences. Letters will call out their being at more points, will make them live more.

And indeed, to say the truth, I cannot really think that humane letters are in danger of being thrust out from their leading place in education, in spite of the array of authorities against them at this moment. So long as human nature is what it is, their attractions will remain irresistible. They will be studied more rationally, but they will not lose their place. What will happen will rather be that there will be crowded into education other matters besides, far too many; there will be, perhaps, a period of unsettlement and confusion and false tendency; but letters will not in the end lose their leading place. If they lose it for a time, they will get it back again. We shall be brought back to them by our wants and aspirations. And a poor humanist may possess his soul in patience, neither strive nor cry, admit the energy and brilliancy of the partisans of physical science, and their present favor with the public, to be far greater than his own, and still have a happy faith that the nature of things works silently on behalf of the studies which he loves, and that, while we shall all have to acquaint ourselves with the great results reached by modern science,

and to give ourselves as much training in its disciplines as we can conveniently carry, yet the majority of men will always require humane letters, and so much the more as they have the more and the greater results of science to relate to the need in man for conduct, and to the need in him for beauty.

And so we have turned in favor of the humanities the *No wisdom, nor understanding, nor counsel, against the Eternal!* which seemed against them when we started. The "hairy quadruped furnished with a tail and pointed ears, probably arboreal in his habits," carried hidden in his nature, apparently, something destined to develop into a necessity for humane letters. The time warns me to stop; but most probably, if we went on, we might arrive at the further conclusion that our ancestor carried in his nature, also, a necessity for Greek. The attackers of the established course of study think that against Greek, at any rate, they have irresistible arguments. Literature may perhaps be needed in education, they say; but why on earth should it be Greek literature? Why not French or German? nay, "has not an Englishman models in his own literature of every kind of excellence?" As before, it is not on any weak pleadings of my own that I rely for convincing the gainsayer; it is on the constitution of human nature itself and on the instinct of self-preservation in humanity. The instinct for beauty is set in human nature, as surely as the instinct for knowledge is set there, or the instinct for conduct. If the instinct for beauty is served by Greek literature as it is served by no other literature, we may trust to the instinct of self-preservation in humanity for keeping Greek as part of our culture. We may trust to it for even making this study more prevalent than it is now. As I said of humane letters in general, Greek will come to be studied more rationally than at present; but it will be increasingly studied as men increasingly feel the need in them for beauty, and how powerfully Greek art and Greek literature can serve this need. Women will again study Greek, as Lady Jane Grey did; perhaps in that chain of forts, with which the fair host of the Amazons is engirdling this university, they are studying it already. *Defuit una mihi symmetria prisca*, said Leonardo da Vinci; and he was an Italian. What must an Englishman feel as to his deficiencies in this respect as the sense for beauty, whereof symmetry is an

essential element, awakens and strengthens within him! what will not one day be his respect and desire for Greece and its *symmetria prisca*, when the scales drop from his eyes as he walks the London streets, and he sees such a lesson in meanness as the Strand, for instance, in its true deformity! But here I have entered Mr. Ruskin's province, and I am well content to leave not only our street architecture, but also letters and Greek, under the care of so distinguished a guardian.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
NO NEW THING.

CHAPTER VI.

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

THAT Colonel Kenyon should make for Longbourne immediately after landing upon his native shores was quite natural and proper. Mrs. Winnington conceded as much, and Mrs. Winnington was admitted to be an authority upon matters of propriety. "I think, my dear," said she, "that you ought to have Hugh here for a time, when he comes back. Now that his mother is dead, he has no home of his own to go to, and perhaps you owe it to him to show him a little civility. You might send a note to Portsmouth to await his arrival, inviting him to come and stay with you for ten days or a fortnight. It would be as well just to mention the dates, because people who have been in India get such very queer notions of hospitality, and poor dear Hugh was always a little dense about knowing when to take himself off. I remember, in days gone by, when he used to call upon us at the Palace, how much help he required to get out of the room. Upon one occasion I actually had to pick up his hat and umbrella, and thrust them into his hand. Quite in a friendly way, you know, making a sort of joke of it; but if I had not done something of the kind he would never have moved at all. Yes; I think you should let him find an invitation waiting for him. He would feel it as a very kind piece of attention, I am sure."

And Margaret did not consider herself called upon to state that such an invitation, minus the time-limit, as her mother described, had been written and despatched to Madras some months before.

Various circumstances had prevented Colonel Kenyon from breaking his long

spell of foreign service by a return to England on leave. The battery of horse-artillery to which he had been attached had been ordered home long ago, directly after the first of the little wars in which he had been engaged; but he had not accompanied it, as at that time he had had an opportunity of seeing some further service. Then had come in quick succession the marriage of his two sisters and the death of his mother, entailing a disruption of all direct home ties; and, although when the fighting was over, and he had gained a brevet-colonelcy, a C.B., and a bullet in his left shoulder as his share in the results of the same, he might have got away for a time from a country that he hated, he chose rather, upon mature consideration, to accept the offer of a well-paid staff appointment, to serve out his five years, and then to turn his back upon India for good and all. To lay by money and provide himself with something like a competency was the chief object of his life; for he had ever before him a distant, bright ideal, towards the realization of which this prosaic achievement was a small, yet absolutely necessary step. A journey from Madras to London and back is not to be performed without a considerable outlay; therefore he had stoutly resisted his own longings and Margaret's frequent entreaties, and had patiently bided his time, comforting himself in moments of depression with an altogether illogical conviction that so much labor and self-denial must surely obtain their reward at last.

A more ardent lover might perhaps have acted differently, but a more ardent lover might have been less consistently faithful. Fidelity to a dream would appear to be about the toughest sort of fidelity of which we mortals are capable; and, according to enlightened students of human nature, all love, in the romantic acceptance of the term, partakes of the character of dreams. Nothing, say they, is so inevitably certain to dispel its illusions as daily intercourse with the adored creature; and in those rare cases in which men have remained true to their first love for a matter of ten years or more, it is almost invariably absence that has kept them so. Be that as it may, Hugh Kenyon was as much in love with Margaret Stanniforth all through his Indian career as he had been at the beginning of it. His love, it is true, was of a sober kind, as became a grey-headed man whose acquaintance had been chiefly with the seamy side of life; but it may have been

to that very attribute that it owed its constancy. For the rest, nobody knew better than he did that his vision of happiness rested upon no more solid foundation than strength of will and a vague faith in poetical justice. Margaret's long letters, in which the cares and interests of her daily life were fully treated of, and most of the episodes of Philip Marescalchi's school and college career were duly set forth, had convinced him that time had passed a healing hand over her wounds; and he no longer feared, as he had once done, that in asking her to be his wife he might seem to outrage the memory of her husband and his friend. This was a comfort, so far as it went, but it did not go very far. He perceived that, if she was less forlorn, she stood in the less need of a protector; nor could he disguise from himself that his prediction was in course of fulfilment, and that Marescalchi already stood, to some extent, in the position which he had once occupied.

All this being so, it is scarcely to be wondered at that Colonel Kenyon should have made few new friends during the lengthy period of his exile, nor that he should have passed for a rather dull and morose fellow in the Madras Presidency. He possessed a photograph of Margaret, taken years before by the one Crayminster photographer, which, in the absence of its original, served him as companion and friend. This work of art represented a simpering girl of sixteen, standing beside a top-heavy table, and dragging a wreath of paper flowers out of a leather-work basket. It did not even remotely resemble Margaret Stanniforth; but its owner considered it, upon the whole, a very satisfactory likeness — not complimentary, to be sure, still quite pleasing. It accompanied him through all his campaigns, it was gazed at with religious fervor every morning and evening, and Hugh never sat down to indite one of his voluminous epistles to Longbourne without propping it up on the desk before him to lend inspiration to his ideas. Sometimes he even stopped writing to talk to it for a few minutes, for the wisest and most sober of men will do silly things when nobody is looking on.

When at length the time came for our love-lorn warrior to exchange letters for speech, and doubt for certainty, he was by no means so overjoyed as he had expected to be. In his patient, matter-of-course sort of way, he had been, rather unhappy for ten years; but his condition had not been so bad but that it might easily be-

come worse, and at forty-five a man takes such possibilities into consideration. Perhaps he feared his fate too much: it cannot be said that his deserts were small. He did not rush home overland — there being really no need for hurry — but economically took passage in a troop-ship, and in due time disembarked at Portsmouth, accompanied by a few comrades in arms who, like himself, had been away long enough to look for no very enthusiastic welcome on their return to the mother country.

Colonel Kenyon was so far more fortunate than they that he found at his club in London a very kind and cordial note, informing him that his Longbourne friends were anxiously expecting his arrival. Having despatched a post-card in answer to this, he took his ticket, on the following afternoon, for Crayminster, where a further and a wholly unanticipated compliment awaited him. For the first thing that he saw, when the train entered the station, was a tall lady, dressed all in black, who was eagerly scanning the carriages as they passed her, as if in search of some one whom she could not discover, and whose features and figure he would have recognized among a thousand.

Hugh's heart came up into his mouth. He had never supposed that Margaret would think of coming down to Crayminster to meet him, and her having done so filled him with an absurd delight and elation. When her eyes rested upon him for a second, and then passed on, he was not hurt. "No wonder she doesn't know my yellow cheeks and gray hair," he thought to himself. Her own hair, as he noticed, in that momentary glimpse, had a streak of silver in it here and there; but her face — that pleasant, kindly face, which was to him the most beautiful the world could show — was unaltered, or had altered only for the better. She had a bright color, and had the appearance of being in good health and good spirits; and he could not help being a little glad to see that her widow's cap had disappeared, though she still wore mourning. All these details he took in at one glance, and then the train glided on, and he lost sight of her. But before it came to a standstill, Colonel Kenyon's head was thrust out of the window, his right hand was fumbling for the door-handle, and he was waving a greeting with his left, while he called out cheerily, "This is really too good of you."

The next instant he was thanking his stars that Mrs. Stanniforth's back had

been turned towards him, and that she had neither seen his signals nor heard his joyous hail. For lo and behold! a very good-looking young man had jumped down on to the platform and was embracing her publicly, in total disregard of the customs of a self-restrained nation, and Hugh heard her cry, "At last! I am so glad! I was afraid you were not coming after all."

Colonel Kenyon collected his coats and umbrellas with the saddened and humiliated feelings of a man who has answered when he has not been spoken to. Fain would he have sneaked out of the station without making himself known; but this was hardly practicable, so he advanced, putting as good a face upon things as he could assume; and as soon as Margaret caught sight of him she knew him, and bade him welcome with a warmth which left nothing to be desired.

"Oh, Hugh!" she exclaimed, holding out both hands; and with that brief ejaculation her hearer was satisfied, understanding by it all that he was intended to do. He himself could find no more striking rejoinder than, "Here I am, you see."

"Yes; but why did you not tell us that you were coming by this train? You only said you would be down in time for dinner, and I was just thinking of asking Philip to wait in the town, so as to meet you. I needn't introduce you to Philip, need I?"

Colonel Kenyon intimated that no such introduction was necessary; and, as the two men shook hands, each inwardly passed a hasty judgment upon the other. Colonel Kenyon set Philip down as a swaggering young puppy; and Marescalchi said to himself that the new-comer was a solemn old bore, who looked as if he would be certain to make himself obnoxious in one way or another before very long. Of course, however, they smiled upon one another amicably, and said what the occasion appeared to call for; the younger man, who was the more at his ease, showing to greater advantage than the elder in this interchange of civilities. Marescalchi, indeed, prided himself upon always knowing the proper thing to say and do, and presently he gave evidence of his nice perception by a truly magnanimous offer.

"You two will have lots to talk about," he remarked, when they had passed out of the station, and were standing beside the open carriage which was waiting for them. "You had better drive up together, and I'll walk."

"But it is such a long walk, Philip, and it is so hot," said Margaret irresolutely.

"Never mind," answered Philip, with a rather plaintive look at the long stretch of sunny landscape that lay before him.

And then a bright idea occurred to Margaret. "Suppose *we* were to walk?" she suggested to Hugh. "We might go across the fields, you know, and it would be quite like old times. Would it be too much for you?"

Hugh said he should enjoy the walk of all things, and it certainly would not be too much for him. "But will not you be tired yourself?" he asked. "You said something about the heat just now, and it is a good three miles, as I well remember."

"You must have forgotten other things if you think I am afraid of a three-mile walk. I like walking much better than driving; and, besides, I mean to go very slowly, so as to have as long a time as possible to talk to you in."

Hugh could say no more; and the arrangement evidently met the views of Mr. Marescalchi, who got into the carriage without more ado, and was speedily driven away, leaning back luxuriously, and blowing a cloud from the cigarette which he had just lighted.

The two friends who were thus left to themselves had, no doubt, a great deal to say to one another; but they experienced the common difficulty of friends who have been long separated in not knowing exactly where to begin. During the first quarter of a mile of their walk, which led them across pasture-land and through hop-gardens, little passed between them save questions and answers referring to the productiveness of the soil and the changes which time had wrought in the ownership thereof, occasional allusions to bygone years, and comparisons between the climate of England and that of India. Mrs. Stanniforth led the way and did most of the talking. Hugh was contented to listen, to steal furtive glances at his companion while she walked beside him, and to study her full-length figure when, as sometimes happened, the narrowness of the path forced them to advance in single file. But when they reached a certain stile, beyond which stretched sloping fields of oats and barley, Mrs. Stanniforth, instead of getting over it, wheeled round, and, resting her elbows upon its topmost bar, attacked Hugh point-blank with,—

"Well; what do you think of him?"

There was no need to particularize the individual to whom her question referred.

Hugh laughed and said, "I think he has a very pretty suit of clothes on, and his hair is nicely brushed, and his moustache promises well. Also, I am glad to observe that he does not suffer from shyness, and that he pronounces the English language after the most fashionable style."

Margaret looked a little annoyed. "You know that is not what I mean," she said.

"What do you want me to say? I only saw the young man for five minutes, and, considering that during those five minutes I was a great deal more anxious to examine you than him, I think I made a pretty good use of my opportunities. It seemed to me that I noticed all about him that there was to notice."

This was so undeniably true that Margaret was silenced for a few minutes. Presently, however, she felt constrained to add, "Some people attach a good deal of importance to first impressions. You don't, I dare say, because you are so sensible; still, I suppose you do have them."

"I seldom take to strangers," answered Hugh evasively.

"Ah! I know what you think; you think him conceited. Well, perhaps, he may be a little conceited, but what of that? Almost all young men are so, and it soon wears off. And Philip has—I won't say more reason, but certainly more excuse—for being conceited than most of them. You have no idea how he is run after. I wrote to you, you know, about his wonderful acting, and the quantity of engagements that he always has in consequence; and latterly his acquaintance seems to have grown larger. He has only just managed to escape from London, though he wanted very much to come down on the afternoon of the match. He has declined I don't know how many invitations for the next two months. It would not be very surprising if all that attention had turned his head just a little bit, would it?"

Hugh admitted that such a result was only what might be expected.

"But it hasn't done so really; to me he is just the same as he always was. You won't allow yourself to be prejudiced against poor Philip, will you, Hugh? I can't tell you what a disappointment it will be to me if you do not like him. He has had to fight against so much prejudice; and I sometimes think that, with the exception of myself and Walter Brune, he has no real friends in the world."

"I thought you said he was so popular."

"So he is; but popularity of that kind

is a poor substitute for the family affection which other young men have to fall back upon; and, although you might not suppose it until you knew him well, Philip is very affectionate and very sensitive. I don't think I should ever have cared for him so much as I do if all my friends had not set their faces against him so in the beginning. He is my ugly duckling," she added with a smile.

"Oh, I don't think you could call him ugly!" said Hugh generously. The truth is that esteem was the measure of Colonel Kenyon's notion of comeliness. He honestly believed all the persons whom he was fond of to be well-looking, and could never be brought to acknowledge that there was anything to admire in those whom he disliked.

Margaret laughed. "No," she said; "his worst enemies could hardly bring that accusation against him. He isn't an ugly duckling any more now; he is a full-grown swan, and I am not afraid of any one's failing to do justice to his plumage. But after all, as good-natured people used to say to me in the days when I was a lanky girl and painfully conscious of my lankiness, beauty is only skin-deep."

"Oh dear, yes! what does it signify whether a man's nose is straight or crooked? So Philip has made up his mind to be called to the bar, has he?"

"Yes; he is eating his dinners."

"And working?"

"I believe so. At least he is a pupil in a barrister's chambers; of course he could not do much in that way while he was at Oxford. Shall we walk on?"

They passed upwards, brushing their way against the whispering barley that clothed the hillside. It was a lovely summer afternoon; shadows of light clouds were creeping over the woods; the pleasant English landscape was at its best. In the universal greenness, in the softness of the atmosphere, in the hazy blue distances, there was infinite refreshment for eyes that had ached under a tropical sun and had grown weary of gazing upon palms, and rice-fields, and parched yellow plains. Hugh soon ceased to think about Marescalchi and his prospects—a subject with which his correspondence for the past few years had dealt pretty exhaustively—and began building castles in the air on his own account. But his companion's thoughts, it appeared, were still running in the same channel. On the edge of the woods which bounded the Longbourne estate she halted again, and said abruptly,—

"Don't you think it is much the best and wisest plan to let a young man have perfect liberty of action?"

Hugh considered for a moment, as his habit was, before replying, "Well; if I had a son of my own, I think I should be inclined to see what use he was likely to make of his liberty before I quite gave it up to him."

"Yes, in theory that is all very well; but practically there are difficulties in the way of setting limits, especially for a woman. I doubt whether it would be wise to tie your son to your apron-string, if you could; but, as a matter of fact, you can't. Supposing you do establish a sort of surveillance over him, and make him understand that he must never absent himself for two or three days without some excuse, and ask him questions about where he has been and what he has been doing — what is the good? You only make him dislike you, and he takes his own way all the same."

Hugh said there was something in that certainly. "Has any one been advising you to establish a surveillance over Philip?" he asked.

"Oh, I am always being inundated with good advice; that is the inevitable fate of a lone, lorn woman," she answered laughing, and walked on into the wood.

"What a treat it is to see oaks and beeches again!" Hugh exclaimed. "Dear old country! I should like to go upon half-pay, and buy a cottage near Crayminster, and end my days there."

"Oh, how I wish you would! Only of course you would hate it before a year was over. I have missed you so dreadfully, Hugh. Now that I have got you again, I intend to keep you for a long, long time. You do owe me a proper visit, don't you?"

"I'll stay as long as you'll keep me," answered Hugh, smiling; "and look here, Margaret, don't you let yourself be worried about Philip. We'll make a man of him between us; and if ever he should want a friend, he may count upon finding one in me — for your sake."

Her face lighted up with pleasure. "How good you are!" she cried. "But I need not have doubted you. I might have known that you would at least give him a fair trial. Some people seem as if they could only see his faults. They might remember that we are not all faultless ourselves."

"Tell them to mind their own business," said Hugh. A natural association of ideas prompted him to add, after a

short pause, "Mrs. Winington is still with you, I suppose."

Margaret turned her head quickly, and gave him a half-deprecatory, half-suspicious glance. "Yes," she answered; "and I hope to be able to induce her to remain with me permanently. At present she won't hear of it; but I think, little by little, I may accustom her to the idea. Of course it is a great thing for me to have her and Edith in the house, instead of living quite alone, as I used to do."

"I am sure it must be," said Hugh in perfect good faith.

"And in some ways it is an advantage to them too. There is really no house in this neighborhood that would do for them; and if they go away, there seems nothing for it but settling in London, which neither of them would like, or else in some watering-place or other. My mother, I know, dreads the society of a watering-place on Edith's account; and she is always so anxious to do the best she can for us all, that I quite hope she will come round to admitting that Longbourne is the only possible home for her."

"Our dear Mrs. Stanniforth," Mr. Brune remarked, on a subsequent occasion, to Hugh, "expends an immense amount of wasted energy in the effort to persuade herself and others that her mother is not an infernally disagreeable old woman."

Colonel Kenyon, as the reader may have noticed, was not very quick at receiving ideas, and he pondered over Margaret's last observation for some minutes before he came out with the following brilliant discovery: "By Jove! Mrs. Winington must be looking out for a husband for Edith. Dear, dear, how time does go on!"

"Well," returned Margaret; "and if she does want her daughters to marry, and to marry well, do you suppose all mothers don't wish the same thing? I can't see what there is to be ashamed of in such a very natural ambition."

"No, to be sure," acquiesced Hugh hastily; "in fact, she would be neglecting her duty if she didn't look after her daughter's prospects. Only I should have thought London would have been a better place than Longbourne. Seeing so few people as you do —"

"Ah, but I see more people nowadays! The house is often full of visitors — friends of my mother's, you know — and I dare say it is very good for me to be obliged to come out of my shell. By-the-

bye, I have a friend of my own coming down next week whom I particularly want you to meet — Tom Stanniforth. I think I wrote to you about him, did I not?"

"You told me in one of your letters that you had met him in London, and that you thought him a very good fellow."

"I don't think I used those words, but they describe him accurately enough. He is exactly that — a thoroughly good fellow. Isn't it odd, that with all his riches, and amiability, and love of society, he should have remained a bachelor for so many years?"

This time Colonel Kenyon's mother wit showed itself more acute. He assumed an air of extreme knowingness, and ejaculated, "Oho!"

And then Margaret laughed a little, and said, "Well, it would be a good thing; don't you think so now? But most likely nothing will come of it."

"H'm! I don't know," said Hugh meditatively; "I wouldn't give much for his chance if Mrs. Winnington means —"

"What?"

"I say there is every chance of his falling in love with Miss Winnington if she at all resembles her sisters. But what about young Marescalchi? Isn't he rather a dangerous sort of customer to have in the house?"

"Philip? oh, no! I am glad to say that there is no fear of any complication in that quarter. You will think I am becoming a confirmed match-maker in my old age; but, to tell you the truth, I have a plan in my head for Philip's future also. You remember Nellie Brune — or perhaps you don't remember her, for she was a very small child when you went away. Well, she has grown up into quite the prettiest girl in the county; and I feel in a sort of way as if she were a child of my own, for since her mother's death, she has lived almost as much with me as at home. And so, in the nature of things, she and Philip have been a good deal thrown together."

"I see. But hadn't Philip better be earning an income for himself before he thinks about taking a wife?"

"Oh, of course! They are both very young yet, and this is only a dream of mine, you must understand; I have never mentioned it to any one but you, and I don't even know that there is anything more than a brotherly and sisterly affection between them. Sometimes I have fancied that there might be, that is all; and perhaps the wish was father to the thought."

By this time they had traversed the Longbourne park, and were in sight of the great house, rising square and red from among its surrounding lawns and flower-beds, its windows blazing with the light of the sinking sun.

"What a fine old place it is!" said Hugh admiringly. "After all, there is nothing in the world to beat an English country-house."

"It is thrown away upon me," said Margaret with a sigh. "I want a roof of some kind to shelter me, but I had rather it had been any but this one. I have never become reconciled to the idea of living at Longbourne, and I never shall. Unfortunately, too, the Brunes feel quite as strongly upon the subject as I do. They don't object to me, because they know that it is by no fault of my own that I am here; but they do object very much to my successor. I told Nellie, the other day, that we were expecting Tom Stanniforth, and she begged me at once not to ask her to come to the house until after he had gone. I only wish it were really my own property; for then I should leave it to Walter."

"No, you wouldn't," said Hugh with a perspicuity which did him credit; "you would leave it to Philip, and that would make things worse than ever."

"Perhaps I might; I don't know. While I am wishing, I might as well wish that I were a capitalist, instead of a pensioner. Nature never intended me to be a rich woman, but sometimes I am afraid that she did cut out Philip for a rich man."

And then they entered the house, and this prolonged dialogue came to an end.

Colonel Kenyon thought it over while dressing for dinner, and made a mental note of two things: firstly, that Jack's name had not once been mentioned in the course of it; and secondly, that Mrs. Stanniforth no longer desired to be rid of her wealth, but, on the contrary, would gladly have gained a firmer grasp of it, had that been practicable. Balancing the one consideration against the other, he was forced to conclude that a ten years' sojourn in foreign parts had been rather prejudicial than favorable to his personal chances of happiness.

CHAPTER VII.

COLONEL KENYON LOOKS ON.

COLONEL KENYON was not the only guest at Longbourne. There were other people staying in the house: people with high-sounding names; people whom he

did not know, and for that matter—as he said to himself with a touch of ill-humor—did not want to know. He had caught sight of some of them playing lawn-tennis in the garden; he had heard the voices of others in the library, whither he had declined to follow his hostess, alleging that he was too dirty and dusty after his journey to face an introduction to strangers. There was something in the discovery that he was only to be one in a crowd, which chilled and disappointed him a little. Not that he had anything to urge in the abstract against Mrs. Stanniforth's filling her house with her friends, if she were so minded; still, he wished she had not chosen to do so at this particular time; and the contrast between her life as it appeared actually to be, and the secluded, charitable, uneventful sort of existence which he had always pictured her to himself as leading, struck him somewhat disagreeably. He shut himself up in his room; sat there, doing nothing, for an hour or more; and was dressed for dinner long before eight o'clock.

Mrs. Winnington was alone in the drawing-room when he went down-stairs, and was very glad to see him, or, at all events, was kind enough to say that she was so.

"You are looking very old," she remarked at once, with the pleasing candor of a friend of many years' standing; "very old and worn out. I suppose India is quite fatal to health and appearance, especially in the case of officers, who always drink more than they ought to do in those hot climates, I believe. It must be a detestable country. I was talking about it this morning to Lady Laura Smythe, who is staying with us for a few days. She spent a year out there, at the time when her brother was viceroy, you know, and she describes the society of Calcutta as something too dreadful. Isn't there a place called Simla, where everybody goes in the summer months?—I don't pretend to be well up in the geography of those regions. She told me some odd stories of the things that went on there—very amusing, but really very shocking. From all that I could make out, the vulgarity of those people is only equalled by their immorality. No wonder you are such a wreck."

"I don't think it is either drink or the vulgarity of Anglo-Indian society that has turned my hair grey," Hugh said. "You don't look a day older, Mrs. Winnington."

"Oh, my dear Hugh!" cried Mrs. Winnington, not ill-pleased, "that is absurd.

After all that I have gone through, it would be strange indeed if I were not more wrinkled than I used to be; and I have grandchildren growing up fast, as you know. Now tell me, how did you think dear Margaret looking? Better than when you left her? Rather brighter and more cheerful? Ah! I am very glad to hear you say that, for I take it as a compliment to myself."

"She said it was a great comfort to her to have you with her," Hugh remarked.

"Poor dear! I do what I can, and I try to be with her as much as possible; but I have other duties; I cannot always be here, you understand."

"I suppose not."

"No; and now I shall look to you to help me out in my task and to take my place sometimes, when I am away," said Mrs. Winnington very graciously. "Between ourselves, dear Margaret ought never to be left long without some trustworthy adviser and protector at her elbow."

"Why?" asked Hugh curtly.

"Oh! you will soon find out why; I had rather you made the discovery for yourself. You remember my old weakness; I can't bear speaking against anybody who is absent. But you can easily imagine the sort of dangers to which a woman of her generous and unsuspecting nature is exposed. Her servants, of course, rob her right and left; that I cannot help, for I make it a rule never to interfere in household matters. But, unfortunately, it is not only her servants who live upon her. Servants, one knows, have not very exalted ideas of honesty, and one is prepared to take them as one finds them; but from people of one's own class one does expect a certain degree of pride and delicacy; and when it comes to giving a girl literally *all* her dresses—However, if Mr. Brune does not object, I am sure it is no business of mine. You met young Marescalchi at the station, I hear."

"Yes; I saw him for a few minutes."

Mrs. Winnington shook her head and sighed so profoundly once or twice that all the garments in which her ample form was enveloped rustled and groaned, as in a soft chorus to their wearer's unspoken eloquence. Colonel Kenyon, however, expressing no curiosity as to the significance of these portentous heavings, the good lady was constrained to express herself with more distinctness.

"I greatly fear," said she, "that poor Margaret will have cause to rue the day

when she set that beggar on horseback. One might have foreseen what would happen; in fact, I did foresee it; but that is a poor consolation. He is going to the dogs as fast as he can."

"I hope not," said Hugh.

"Oh! I don't ask you to take my word for it: use your own eyes and ears, and I have very little doubt as to what your conclusion will be. I should feel sorry for the young man, if he were not so absurdly self-satisfied. Nothing could have been more foolish and fatal than launching him into all the temptations of Oxford; but Margaret would take her own way."

"Why, what would you have had her do?" asked Hugh. "What alternative had you to suggest?"

"That is not the question," answered Mrs. Winnington, employing a phrase which she had found very effective in controversies with the late bishop, and which still rose instinctively to her lips in moments of embarrassment; "that is not the question. And pray do not suppose that I am blaming poor Margaret for her infatuation; it has brought its own punishment, I am sorry to say. I happen to know," she continued impressively — "this is between ourselves, and you need not mention that I spoke to you about it — but I happen to know that Margaret had paid his debts upon three separate occasions. Heavy debts; and that notwithstanding the fact that he has a most unwisely liberal allowance."

"You don't say so! Well, that is very bad of course; but such things have happened before now. I mean to say that it don't follow that, because a young fellow runs up bills at college, he must go to the dogs. Depend upon it, Philip will sow his wild oats, like other boys, and turn out no worse than the generality of them."

Mrs. Winnington, however, was not disposed to entertain this sanguine view of the case. "Mark my words," she was beginning solemnly; but she had to withdraw the conclusion of her sentence under cover of a cough, for at this moment Marescalchi himself appeared upon the scene, and was closely followed by Margaret.

Then the remainder of the house party began to drop in, singly and in couples: A fat countess, who was immediately engaged in confidential conversation by Mrs. Winnington; Lady Laura Smythe, a dowdy little woman married to a resplendent stockbroker; a pompous colonial governor and his wife; the senior partner

of a well-known firm of solicitors; and sundry Winningtons of both sexes — uncles, aunts, and cousins — whose faces Hugh dimly remembered to have seen round the bishop's table at the Christmas gatherings of long ago. It was Mr. Marescalchi who was obliging enough to join the stranger on the ottoman where he was sitting apart, and to classify for his benefit the people who were forming themselves into groups in different parts of the long room.

"A queer, incongruous sort of crew, are they not?" said he. "Mrs. Winnington asks them down here, and she doesn't understand mixing her people any better than she understands mixing her colors, poor old thing! However, her intentions are good, and she has a reason for inviting every one of them. Lady Flintshire and Lady Laura Smythe entertain a good deal in London; they will be good for at least two balls apiece next season, and perhaps for an invitation to the country in the autumn. Sir Benjamin Wilkinson is here because Charley Winnington thinks he would like to be the old fellow's aide-de-camp when he goes back to the Cannibal Islands, or wherever it is that he hangs out. Hobson, the solicitor, has been asked in order that he may help Harry out with a brief or two some day. That is a piece of hospitality thrown away; Hobson stays longer than he is wanted, contradicts everybody, makes a horrible noise over his soup, and will see Harry further before he'll bother himself about him. It is rather hard upon poor Meg, who has to make all these people talk to each other, and to keep them from quarrelling. Half of them are furious at having been asked to meet the other half; and one and all are wondering what the dickens made them come here. Most likely they will grow mellow and make friends after dinner; but then there is always just a hope of a free fight at one of these gatherings, and that enables one to bear up under the dreadful wearisomeness of it all."

Hugh hardly listened to his neighbor's easy flow of talk. He was watching Margaret, as she moved hither and thither in the fading light, discharging her duties after a quiet, perfunctory fashion; and presently he rose unceremoniously and walked off to renew his acquaintance with Edith, whom he had recognized, not so much by anything about her that could remind him of the child whom he had once known, as by her remarkable resemblance to her eldest sister, Lady Travers. When he drew near enough to her to dis-

tinguish her features, he was still more struck with this family likeness, as well as with the girl's beauty, which quite surpassed what he had been led to expect. Edith Winnington—tall, slight, and extremely fair, with delicate, refined features, and eyes of a forget-me-not blue—represented the family type raised to its ultimate expression. Hugh, who remembered Lady Travers in the days of her youthful triumphs, and who remembered also that Lady Travers's marriage had turned out a notoriously unhappy one, felt a pang of pity for this victim unconscious of her doom. While he was shaking hands with her, he was thinking to himself, "Poor girl! I wonder her mother is satisfied with Tom Stanniforth. With such a face and figure as that, she might have been made to aim at something higher, I should have thought. I hope he'll marry her, though, for he is a decent sort of man, by all accounts, and at least he won't beat her."

"You have been a long time away," said Edith; "you must be very glad to be at home again; I suppose it must be very hot in India. No; I am afraid I do not quite know where Madras is. I could find it on the map, I think."

Her manner had a touch of shyness and hesitation which was not unbecoming; her color kept coming and going while she spoke, and her eyes wandered over the room. She seemed to lend an only half-attentive ear to Hugh's geographical information, and answered his questions a little at random. From all of which signs that astute observer was led to conclude that the young woman was looking for somebody. Could it be Marescalchi, he wondered, whom she missed?

Presently Philip joined them, saying in a confidential undertone that all these old ladies and gentlemen frightened him. "I daren't speak to them; they are getting hungry; they are snapping and growling already; and if dinner isn't announced in a few minutes they will begin devouring one another. Where is Walter, by-the-bye? Meg said she had asked him to come up."

Edith said that there had been a cricket-match at Craybridge that day; very likely Walter had not been able to get away in time. But at this moment the defaulter hurried in to answer for himself; and after that, Miss Winnington's eyes became perceptibly less restless.

"I wonder which of them it is," Hugh speculated within himself. "I would bet

any money that it's one or the other. That's the way with your over-clever people, they never see what is going on under their noses. Now, if I were an ambitious old woman, I should take precious good care to keep my daughter out of the way of those youngsters; but I suppose it comes to much the same thing in the long run. If there is a difference of opinion between that poor girl and her mother, it is easy to see who will go to the wall."

"Will you take in Lady Wilkinson, please, and sit on the left side of the table?" whispered Margaret, interrupting his meditations.

He had ample leisure to resume and pursue them in the dining-room, for Lady Wilkinson was sulky, and did not choose to respond to his well-meant efforts at starting a conversation. Poor Lady Wilkinson had played at royalty for so many years, and had grown so accustomed to taking the chief place at feasts that it pained her to walk out of the room behind a Lady Laura Somebody, and to be herself escorted by a mere colonel of artillery. The treatment by the mother country of its returned colonial governors seemed to her to be wanting in all propriety and decency; and, by way of vindicating the slighted dignity of the class which she represented, she thought fit to reply to her neighbor's advances with haughty "Ohs" and "Indeeds" and a liberal display of the cold shoulder. Colonel Kenyon accepted his lot with fitting philosophy. He had no anxiety to talk or to be talked to. The scene and the personages affected him with a vague bewilderment, being so unlike those shadowy visions of Longbourne and its inmates which had haunted his fancy in the East, and he wanted to familiarize himself with them. He ate his dinner (which was a very excellent and well-served one), and gazed about him at surrounding objects—at the oval table, with its load of flowers and old Chelsea china, upon which a flood of light was thrown down from the shaded hanging lamps; at the servants, sitting noiselessly to and fro in the vast space of semi-obscurity beyond; at Margaret, leaning back in her chair between Lord Flintshire and Sir Benjamin Wilkinson, with a look of cheerful resignation upon her face; at Mrs. Winnington, voluble and smiling, playing the part of hostess rather too ostentatiously; at Mr. Hobson, eating voraciously, with his head bent down over his plate and his elbows on a level with his red ears; at Philip, making open and

undisguised love to Edith; and at Walter, watching this couple with an inexplicable broad grin upon his honest countenance. Times were changed indeed since Margaret had complained of the misery of solitary repasts. Here was company enough to satisfy anybody; company, too, which, if not wildly hilarious, appeared to an outsider quite sufficiently animated. As Marescalchi had predicted would be the case, the guests were growing mellow under the influence of good cheer; and, with the exception of Lady Wilkinson, who still maintained a proud reserve, and of Mr. Hobson, who was otherwise engaged, everybody was contributing his or her share to the general buzz of speech.

"The island of Semolina," Sir Benjamin was saying in a loud voice, "requires only to be left to itself. All the troubles that have taken place there have arisen out of injudicious interference on the part of the home government. I was talking to the secretary of state the other day, and I said to him, '*La Semolina farà da se.*' Many men have found the island a difficult one to govern — my predecessor, as you know, made a sad hash of it — but I have always got on perfectly well with the planters myself. The whole question is one of cheap labor, and is not at all understood in this country. You will recollect the agitation that was got up, a few years back, about the supposed wrongs of the coolies?"

Lord Flintshire, a mild-mannered little man, to whom these remarks were addressed, answered hazily, "Oh, yes; to be sure. Niggers — slave trade — that sort of thing, eh?" and had to be set right at some length.

Lady Laura Smythe was shrilly advocating the claims of a Home for Adult Idiots which had lately been established under her patronage. "We are terribly in need of funds to carry us on just now. No; I don't want donations, I want annual subscriptions. Let me enter your name among the ten guinea subscribers; I am sure that won't ruin you. Mr. Hobson, I am going to put you down as a subscriber to my Home for Adult Idiots. You shall have a prospectus to-morrow."

"Don't trouble yourself, Lady Laura," says Mr. Hobson resolutely, with his mouth full. "Very sorry, but I must decline. I have never felt any interest in idiots. Don't like 'em. Don't sympathize with 'em."

"How unnatural!" ejaculates the lady in an audible aside. "Oh! but you must

sympathize with them, you know; you must be made to sympathize with them. Mrs. Winnington, your daughter has most kindly promised me a twenty-five guinea subscription; I hope you'll allow me to put you down for a like sum."

"Oh, no, dear Lady Laura!" cries Mrs. Winnington, with a piteous face. "Five guineas, please; I really cannot do more. You forget what a wretched pauper I am, and there are so many calls that one cannot turn a deaf ear to. Where did you go for your drive to-day?"

Mrs. Winnington was a trifle flushed, and exhibited symptoms of uneasiness and absence of mind. Every now and again her eye-glasses went up to her nose, and were furtively directed at the other side of the table, where Philip's dark head was in close proximity to Edith's blonde one. At last she could keep silence no longer, and called out, in a sharp voice, "Edith, my dear, Lady Laura is very anxious to be shown the cathedral. Will you go with her to-morrow?"

"Quite out of the question, Mrs. Winnington," answered Philip gravely. "Your daughter has a previous engagement; she has promised to ride with me."

Mrs. Winnington scowled so fiercely at this that the girl looked frightened, and exclaimed hastily, —

"Nonsense, Philip! you know I never promised any such thing. Of course I can go, mamma."

"Very well," said Philip placidly; "we'll all go. Mrs. Winnington, why shouldn't you come too? You could sit down with Lady Laura and rest, while Edith dragged me to the topmost pinnacle of the temple. I have always meant to climb up there some day, but one wants a strongish inducement to overcome one's constitutional laziness."

"We will keep to our original plan, if you please," answered Mrs. Winnington loftily. "As for what you are pleased to call your constitutional laziness, I suppose that if Dr. Goodford could not cure you of that, Edith is not very likely to be able to do so. In any case, the task is not one which I should think it worth while to confide to her. Your laziness would have been whipped out of you many years ago, if I had had anything to do with your education."

To this Philip only replied, "Now, now, Mrs. Winnington," in a soothing voice, which had the effect of causing that lady's cheeks to assume a fine rich hue, and of eliciting an abrupt and startling chuckle

from Walter, who looked very much abashed when everybody turned and stared at him.

After this little passage of arms there was a hollow truce, which lasted up till the time when the ladies left the dining-room; but later in the evening hostilities were resumed, and several sharp encounters took place; the advantage remaining in every instance with the younger and cooler combatant. Philip had dropped into a reclining attitude upon the sofa where Edith was seated, and for a quarter of an hour or so he amused himself by baffling Mrs. Winnington's attempts to force him or her daughter from this position; but at length, growing weary, apparently, of that form of provocation, he voluntarily changed his ground, strolled deliberately up to his enemy's armchair, and, leaning back against the wall with folded arms, struck into the middle of the conversation which she had been keeping up under difficulties with Lady Flintshire. Mrs. Winnington at first endeavored to ignore him altogether; but he did not choose to be ignored, and very soon he had drawn upon himself as brisk and well-sustained an attack as he could have wished for.

Hugh, who had vainly attempted to get near to Margaret, and who had now nothing to do and no one to talk to, listened with some entertainment to Mrs. Winnington's onset, which certainly did not lack vigor. He heard Philip accused by no obscure implication of being a coxcomb, an adventurer, a spendthrift, and a libertine, and he could not help admiring the perfect good humor with which the young fellow met these charges. Not for some time did he realize what was actually going on, and why the little knot of silent spectators who had gradually come together in the neighborhood of the unconscious lady's chair were exchanging looks of keen appreciation and amusement. Philip was audaciously mimicking Mrs. Winnington to her face. He had caught the exact pitch of her voice, the droop of her eyelids, the emphatic tapping of her left palm with the first and second fingers of her right hand, and the phrases with which she was in the habit of embellishing her discourse. When he ejaculated "That is not the question," any one whose back had been turned might have sworn that it was Mrs. Winnington herself who was speaking. It was undoubtedly a very clever performance, and the more so because Mrs. Winnington's speech and demeanor did not, after all, afford any spe-

cially salient points for a caricaturist to seize upon. Philip's rendering of her was strictly faithful, free from any exaggeration, and, when taken, in conjunction with the severe castigation which he was ostensibly undergoing, inexpressibly ludicrous. Fat Lady Flintshire was quivering with suppressed laughter from head to foot; Lady Laura Smythe was grinning sardonically; Mr. Hobson at one moment was threatened with an apoplexy, and had to walk away hastily to recover himself in the background; and the victim herself never suspected from first to last that she was being made a fool of, but was only uneasily conscious that she was not getting the best of it, when, by all rights, she ought to have been doing so.

The exhibitor knew better than to fatigue his audience with too protracted an entertainment. He desisted in due time, and, as he moved away, Mrs. Winnington had the mortification of hearing Lady Flintshire say, —

"Oh, Mr. Marescalchi, I hope you will be able to come to us for a week in September. We shall have a good many of your friends with us, and we are thinking of getting up a little acting for the young people."

Philip civilly declined the invitation which his late antagonist had been angling for all day, excusing himself upon the plea of other engagements, and so his triumph was complete; and the initiated among those who had been listening to him no doubt felt that talent had met with its just reward. Perhaps, however, they had missed the best part of the joke, after all; for it was only Hugh who had noticed that, under cover of the encounter above described, Walter Brune and Edith had quietly withdrawn into a secluded corner, and were enjoying a long and unmolested *tête-à-tête*.

"*Sic vos non vobis*," muttered Colonel Kenyon, whose stock of classical quotations was somewhat limited. "I suppose Walter must be the man; I knew it was one of them." And he walked away, quite pleased with his penetration.

He strolled to one of the open windows, and looked out. The night was warm and still; the silent lawns lay bathed in a soft and inviting moonlight. The wainscot was not a high one, and nobody was looking. Hugh yielded to temptation, swung his legs over the sill, dropped on to the ground, and, walking round to the front door, got his hat and a cigar. Soon he had forgotten all about the little comedy which was being enacted within, and

had reverted to the thought of his own love troubles. As he paced to and fro, he could hear the continuous murmur of talk rising and falling in the drawing-room; puffs of heated air escaped through the open windows; somebody was singing French songs in an absurd, cracked voice.

"How she must hate all this!" Hugh thought. "How she must wish that she could give up her house to that confounded old mother of hers, and get away, and live her own life! But she can't give it up to her mother, and she won't give it up in the only way that it can be given up. Her pleasure is to sacrifice herself for others; no woman ever surrenders a pleasure of that kind. What is the good of my speaking? I had better hold my tongue, and go on hoping against hope, like the superannuated ass that I am, to the end of the chapter. It isn't very delightful staying at Longbourne under existing circumstances, but it is just a shade better than being sent away with a flea in my ear."

"*Si vous n'avez rien à me dire,*" shrieked the invisible songstress; "*pourquoi venir auprès de moi?*"

"Oh, you damned old screech-owl!" muttered Hugh; and with that profane and improper apostrophe he turned on his heel, and sought a more sequestered place for meditation.

After a time, two dark figures came striding down the drive, talking and laughing; and one of them called out, "Hullo! here's Colonel Kenyon; I thought he wouldn't be able to stand those delightful people much longer. Are you inclined for a walk this fine night, Colonel Kenyon? I'm going to see Walter home."

When we are young, it flatters us to be asked to join our elders, but when we have reached middle age it flatters us a great deal more if our juniors express a wish for our company. Little as Hugh was disposed to like Marescalchi, he yet began to think that there might be good points about that very self-satisfied young gentleman, as he walked beside him across the long stretches of moonlit grass. Walter he did like. Walter was a youth after his own heart; a youth of thews and sinews, of fair average intelligence—Colonel Kenyon had no great love for very clever people—of obvious honesty and sincerity. He was a sportsman, too, and was deeply interested in hearing about the pursuit of the big game in India. It was a thousand pities that such another had not chanced to be stranded on the Riviera at the time when Margaret had

taken it into her head to go in for orphans.

Two out of the three men hit it off together excellently well; and as the third was of so pliant a character that it came naturally to him to fall in with any one's and every one's humor, their conversation did not flag until they reached the confines of the Broom Leas paddocks, where, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, Miss Brune was leaning over a fence, waiting for her brother.

"Whom have you got with you, Walter?" she called out, while they were still under the shadow of a hedge and she was in the full light of the moon. "Has Philip actually exerted himself to walk all this way with you? What condescension! How did you get on at dinner? It was awfully heavy, I suppose. Did Colonel Kenyon turn up? and what do you think of him?"

"Colonel Kenyon," answered Philip, gently holding Hugh back in the shade, "turned up, as per arrangement, and he is all that your fancy painted him."

"Ah, he has been snubbing you! I knew that at once by your voice. Come out of the dark, and tell me all about him. What sort of a looking person is he?"

"Well," answered Philip, "it's a matter of opinion. Here he is, so you can form yours as soon as you like."

Hugh stepped forward, taking off his hat and looking a little foolish; while Nellie murmured, "I beg your pardon," and looked rather foolish too. There was a spice of the monkey in Philip's composition. He was not ill-natured; but he was himself a total stranger to false shame, and the spectacle of two full-grown fellow-creatures demeaning themselves towards one another after the fashion of a couple of shy children was to him so queer and entertaining a one that he could seldom deny himself the pleasure of bringing it about, when a good opportunity offered. He did not get much amusement for his pains upon the present occasion; for his indiscretion had the effect of causing Miss Brune to beat a hasty retreat, and in a very few minutes he and Colonel Kenyon were wending their way homewards.

"What a pretty girl Nellie—or perhaps I ought to say Miss Brune—has turned out!" the latter remarked.

"The prettiest girl in England," said Marescalchi with decision. "You couldn't judge of her properly just now; but when you see her by daylight, you will under-

stand at once why the whole county raves about her. She is the only woman I know who has really dark blue eyes. Edith is pretty, very pretty; but she can't hold a candle to Nellie."

"Upon my word," cried Hugh, half amused, half angry at this dispassionate criticism, "you are a very lucky fellow. Many a man would give his ears to be allowed to call two such charming young ladies by their Christian names."

"People are always telling me I am a lucky fellow," Philip remarked. "I gave up protesting against the accusation—for it is a sort of accusation, you know—long ago. But only the wearer knows where the shoe pinches."

Hugh made no rejoinder, for it flashed across him that there could hardly fail to be a dash of bitterness in the lot of a waif and stray; and so the remainder of the walk was accomplished in silence. Philip, like many other persons who shine in society, was subject to occasional fits of depression when off the stage. One of these fits fell upon him now, and Hugh was quite startled to see how pale and haggard he looked when he bade him good-night in the hall.

"Owes money, I expect," the colonel thought, as he went up-stairs; "I wonder what Margaret allows him."

And then this good-natured and foolish gentleman actually began calculating the amount that stood to his credit in the hands of Messrs. Cox and Co. Hugh had felt the pinch of poverty so often himself that all his sympathies were stirred by a suspicion of embarrassed circumstances in others, and he had never in his life been able to refuse a loan when asked for one. It was to this unfortunate weakness that he owed the loss of more than one old friend.

From The Fortnightly Review.

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF THE UNITED STATES.

I HAVE been asked to say something as to the impressions left on my mind by my late visit to the United States. This is a work which I should hardly have undertaken of my own choice. Any picture that I can draw of American things must necessarily be an imperfect one, much more imperfect than the picture which I might draw of any European land. For there are many aspects of any country, but above all of a young country,

of which I am quite unfit to judge, and at which, indeed, I was not likely to look at all. This necessary imperfection is a worse fault in a young country than it is in an old one. And unluckily a great number of aspects of present life, aspects which are specially prominent in American life, have for me no interest whatever. Political and judicial assemblies have for me the same interest in young America which they have in old Greece. But, greatly to my ill-luck, I am wholly ignorant of all things bearing on commerce, manufactures, or agriculture. Nor am I better skilled in matters bearing on education, unless it be education which rises to the level of a college or university. Now I can pass through an old country, say Italy or Dalmatia, and I can find a great deal to notice and to record without meddling with any of the things of which I am ignorant. In America it is hardly possible to avoid them. Happily my American friends were merciful. I was taken to see a good many schools; for some people, I know not why, seemed to think that I had something to do with schools, or at least that I took some special interest in schools. But I was spared the more fearful grind of going through factories, prisons, hospitals, with all the weariness of an inexperienced.

It follows therefore at once that any remarks of mine on American matters must be very imperfect, and further that such imperfection is a much greater fault in the case of America than it might be in the case of some other lands. But beyond this, I take up my pen with a dread, that anything that I can say of the United States and their people will be frightfully one-sided. It is not easy to write quite impartially of a land in which a man has received so cordial a welcome and such constant and unmixed kindness as I received in America. One has a feeling that it is ungrateful, almost unfair, to write anything but unmixed praise; and yet unmixed praise, either in America or anywhere else, must be unfair, because it must be untruthful. And I feel, too, that I personally can have seen only some of the brightest sides of the country and its people. The whole nation cannot be as good as the people who have been so good to me. I was naturally thrown mainly among men whose thoughts and pursuits had some kind of likeness to my own. I lived chiefly with professors, lawyers, a sprinkling of statesmen, men of thought and information of various kinds. Of the pushing, meddling, questioning

American, described in so many stories and caricatures, I have seen nothing, at least not on American soil. It is, therefore, somewhat hard for me to write about American matters at all. But I think that cultivated and sensible people in America, such as those among whom I spent most of my time when I was there, are not likely to be offended with anything that I am likely to say.

"What do you think of our country?" is the question traditionally put into the mouth of the American addressing his British visitor. And the British visitor in real life finds that he very often has to answer that question or its equivalent. In its naked shape it is not often put by the very best people, and, whenever it is put by any one, the question is a little embarrassing. It is not a question that one can answer offhand in words of one syllable. I have sometimes tried to turn it off by answering that their country was very big, a statement which is surely colorless and which cannot be denied by people of any way of thinking. Or, I have tried to parry it by asking whether they meant the whole Union or their own particular State or neighborhood. In England, if one could fancy the question put in that particular shape, its purport could, I think, be local rather than national. But in America it is always national. And even when one is not questioned quite so nakedly, it is easy to see an intense desire on the part of the American host to know how everything about him looks in the eyes of the British guest. Such a desire is indeed almost inherent in the relation of host and guest everywhere; but it seems to be stronger than elsewhere, it certainly is more openly and pressingly revealed than elsewhere, when the host is American and the guest British. That so it should be is neither wonderful nor blamable. It is only in the nature of things that every American should in his heart deem British opinion more important than any other, and should in his heart value British good opinion more fondly than any other. A young nation, honestly conscious of its own greatness in many ways, but conscious at the same time that it has been often unfairly censured, often misunderstood, is naturally keenly sensitive to the opinion of other nations, and above all of the nation which in its heart it feels to be its own parent. The very tone of boasting and bluster towards Europe and England which is sometimes put on by some classes of American writers and speakers

is really a witness to this feeling. American dislike towards England — when it is really felt and not put on simply to catch Irish votes — is something quite different from the forms of national ill-feeling to which we are used at home. It is unlike either the old-fashioned dislike to France or the new-fashioned dislike to Russia. In this last kind of dislike there is mingled a certain feeling of contempt, of very unjust contempt in both cases, but still of genuine contempt. It is the dislike which springs from old-standing national self-sufficiency, a dislike which is quite free from touchiness or inquisitiveness; none of our characteristics is more marked than our utter and most unjust heedlessness of the opinion of other nations. This is the natural weakness of an old nation, above all of an insular nation. The natural weakness of a young nation is the exact opposite. Such a nation must be touchy; it must be inquisitive. It cannot help caring for the opinion of other nations, above all for the opinion of its own ancient motherland. And if such a nation, truly or untruly, fancies itself slighted, misrepresented, misunderstood, if it fails to meet with sympathy where it seeks for sympathy, the result may easily be a dislike which is possibly real — a contempt which is certainly artificial. Of this innate yearning, often unavowed, sometimes perhaps unconscious, for European, above all for British, good opinion, the tendency in some Americans, a tendency which to us seems so strange, to conjure up slights where nothing like a slight has been meant, is one side — a side which is unpleasant, but which is not at all unnatural. The honest desire to know what the stranger, above all what the British stranger thinks, is another and a better side. It may sometimes get a little ludicrous and a little wearisome; but in moderation it is perfectly right and healthy. And with the highest class of Americans — those who do not put their questions in quite so naked a shape, those who are keen-sighted enough to understand and candid enough to avow that there may be a balance of merit and defect either way — the discussion of things on the older and the newer side of ocean often leads to comparisons, and the comparisons often lead to investigations, which are interesting and instructive in the highest degree.

Now comparisons and investigations of this kind come most naturally when there is a strong essential likeness between the things compared. It is in such cases, not in those where the things compared are

altogether unlike one another, that we note the minutest differences. It is where things are very much alike that we most diligently mark the points in which they are not alike. Take for instance the two universities of Oxford and Cambridge. The main features in the constitution and customs of the two are so closely alike to one another, and so utterly unlike those of any other universities in the world, that there is a certain curious pleasure in tracing out the endless minute points in which they differ. So it is between England and America. It is the essential likeness which makes us note every point of unlikeness. I hardly know whether my American friends were pleased or disappointed—they certainly were sometimes a little surprised—at my telling them, as I often had to do, that what most struck me in their country was how little it differed from my own. I had to say over and over again that this was the thing which had most surprised me, but that on second thoughts it did not surprise me at all, as it was only what was perfectly natural. To me most certainly the United States did not seem a foreign country; it was simply England with a difference. The difference struck me as somewhat greater than the difference which strikes me in any part of England with which I am not familiar, but as certainly less than the difference which strikes me when I enter Scotland. That America should seem less strange than Scotland is doubtless partly owing to the fact that English and Scottish law are two things which stand wholly apart, while the law of the American States is for the most part simply English law with a difference. All things therefore which depend on the administration of the law—and the things which depend on the administration of the law make up a good part of ordinary life—are different between England and Scotland, while they are largely the same between England and America. A crowd of names, offices, formulæ, modes of proceeding, are very much the same on the two sides of the ocean, while they are altogether different on the two sides of the Tweed. In the matter of language too, there undoubtedly are American peculiarities of speech, both of utterance and of vocabulary, of which I may have to say something; but I never found any difficulty in understanding an American speaker. But I have often found it difficult to understand a Scottish or even a northern-English speaker. The American speaks my own language, he speaks

my own dialect of that language, but he speaks it with certain local differences. The man of Northumberland or either side of the Tweed speaks my own language indeed, but he speaks a dialect of it to which I am not accustomed. There was nothing strange to me in the general look of the great American cities. They were very unlike York and Exeter; but they were very like Manchester and Liverpool. In short, when I landed at New York in October, my first feeling was that America was very like England; when I landed at Liverpool in April, my first feeling was that England was very like America.

I find that my feeling on this head is shared by some British travellers in America and is not shared by others. Doubtless I visited America under circumstances which were likely to make me dwell on likenesses rather than on unlikenesses. It might haply have been otherwise if I had known nothing of the continent of Europe, or if I had entered America, as some have done, on its western side. But I came to America from the east, and that as a somewhat old stager in continental Europe. I came as one fresh from Italy, Greece, and Dalmatia, as one who had used his own house in England as an inn on the road between Ragusa and Boston. Among a people of the same tongue, of essentially the same laws and manners, I naturally found myself at home, after tarrying in lands which were altogether foreign. But I have no doubt that deeper causes than this would naturally lead me to seize on the most English side of everything American. To me the English-speaking commonwealth on the American mainland is simply one part of the great English folk, as the English-speaking kingdom in the European island is another part. My whole line of thought and study leads me to think, more perhaps than most men, of the everlasting ties of blood and speech, and less of the accidental separation wrought by political and geographical causes. To me the English folk, wherever they may dwell, whatever may be their form of government, are still one people. It may be that the habit of constantly studying and comparing the history of England with the history of old Greece, makes it easier for me to grasp the idea of a people, divided politically and geographically, but still forming in the higher sense one people. The tie that bound Greek to Greek was dearer to Kallikratidas than the advancement of Spartan interests by barba-

rian help. And so, to my mind at least, the thought of the true unity of the scattered English folk is a thought higher and dearer than any thought of a British Empire to the vast majority of whose subjects the common speech of Chatham and Washington, of Gladstone and Garfield, is an unknown tongue.

It may be more important to ask how far the doctrine of the essential unity of the divided branches of the English people is received by those whom it concerns on the other side of the ocean. This is a subject on which I rather distrust my own judgment. I feel that it is a subject on which I am an enthusiast, and that my enthusiasm may possibly bias and color any report that I may try to make. And, of course, I can give only the impressions which I have drawn from certain classes of people, impressions which may be widely different from those which another man may have drawn from other classes of people. As far as I can speak of my American acquaintances, I should say that with most of them the essential unity of the English folk is one of those facts which everybody in a sense knows, but of which few people really carry their knowledge about with them. The main facts of the case are so plain that they cannot fail to be known to every man among a people who know their own immediate and recent history so well as the Americans do. That the older American States were in the beginning English colonies, that the great mass of their inhabitants are still of English descent, that, though the infusion of foreign elements has been large, yet it is the English kernel which has assimilated these foreign elements — that the German in America, for instance, learns to speak English, while the American of English descent does not learn to speak German — all these are plain facts which every decently taught man in the United States cannot fail in a certain sense to know. That is, if he were examined on the subject, he could not fail to give the right answers. But the facts do not seem to be to him living things, constantly in his mind. Those Americans with whom I have spoken, all of them without a single exception, readily and gladly accepted the statement of what I may call their *Englishry*, when it was set before them. Once or twice indeed I have known the statement come from the American side. But, though the acceptance of the doctrine was ready and glad, it seemed to be the acceptance of a doctrine which could not be denied

when it was stated, but which he who accepted it had not habitually carried about in his daily thoughts. And when the statement came from the American side, it came, not as an obvious truth, but rather as the result of the speaker's own observation, as a fact which he had noticed, but which might have escaped the notice of others. I will illustrate my meaning by an incident which happened to myself. At a college dinner to which I was asked, one gentleman proposed my health in words which in everything else were most kind and flattering, but in which I was spoken of as a man of "a foreign nationality." In my answer I thanked the proposer of the toast for everything else that he had said, but begged him to withdraw one word: I was not of a foreign nationality, but of the same nationality as himself. My answer was warmly cheered, and several other speakers took up the same line. The unity of Old and New England was in every mouth; one gentleman who had been American minister in England told how exactly the same thing had happened to him at a lord mayor's dinner in London, how he had been spoken of as a foreigner, and how he had refused the name, just as I had done.

Now this story is an exact instance of what I say. The feeling of unity between the two severed branches is really present in the American breast, but it needs something special to wake it up. It comes most naturally to the Englishman of America to speak of the Englishman of Britain as a "foreigner." The word is often so applied in American newspapers and American books. But when the Englishman of Britain formally rejects the name, the Englishman of America frankly and gladly accepts the rejection, and welcomes the European kinsman as truly one of his own house. Now I know not how far I may judge others by myself; but I should say that the feeling in England is somewhat different. I do not think that Americans are commonly thought of, or spoken of, as "foreigners." In the story that I have just told, the case may have simply been that the lord mayor reckoned the representative of the United States among "foreign ministers," a formula in which the use of the unpleasant word could hardly be avoided. It seems to me that the American in England is welcomed above other men from beyond sea on the express ground that he is not a foreigner. Americans sometimes complain that they are welcomed indeed in England, but welcomed as if they were

objects of curiosity, sometimes even that the welcome is mingled with condescension. The condescension I believe to be imaginary, a spectre called up by that spirit of touchiness of which I have already spoken. The curiosity is most real. But it is the curiosity with which we welcome a kinsman whom we have often heard of but never seen. It may sometimes take rather grotesque shapes, but it is in its essence the genuine interest which attaches to acknowledged kindred. In America it struck me that the British visitor was welcomed, kindly, cordially, hospitably, welcomed, but still welcomed in the beginning as a stranger. That he is no stranger but a kinsman is a truth which dawns upon his American friends at a rather later stage. The American, it seems to me, feels a greater distinction between himself and the Englishman of Britain than the Englishman of Britain feels between himself and the American.

A good deal of this feeling is the natural result of past events, and I cannot help thinking that the result of past events has been somewhat aggravated by modern forms of speaking. The Englishman of America—he must allow me to call him so—has something to get over in acknowledging the kindred of the Englishman of Britain; the Englishman of Britain has nothing to get over in acknowledging the kindred of the Englishman of America. In the broad fact of the War of Independence there is really nothing of which either side need be ashamed. Each side acted as it was natural for each side to act. We can now see that both King George and the British nation were quite wrong; but for them to have acted otherwise than they did would have needed a superhuman measure of wisdom, which few kings and few nations ever had. The later American war within the present century, a war which, one would think, could have been so easily avoided on either side, is a far uglier memory than the War of Independence. Still the War of Independence must be, on the American side, a formidable historic barrier in the way of perfect brotherhood. A war of that kind is something quite unlike an ordinary war between two nations which are already thoroughly formed. Two nations in that case can soon afford to forget, they can almost afford to smile over, their past differences. It is otherwise when one nation dates its national being—in the political sense of the word “nation”—from the defeat and humiliation of the other. If the American nation had

parted off peacefully from the British nation, there would be no difficulty on either side in looking on the two English-speaking nations as simply severed branches of the same stock. The independent colony would, in such a case, have far less difficulty in feeling itself to be, though independent, still a colony, far less difficulty in feeling that all the common memories and associations of the common stock belong to the colony no less than to the mother country. In such a case the new England might have been to the old what Syracuse, not what Korkyra, was to their common mother Corinth. But when independence was won in arms, and that by the help of foreign allies, when the very being of the new power was a badge of triumph over the old, it is not wonderful that the natural self-assertion of a new-born people often took the form of putting the past, the dependent past, as far as might be out of sight. Parents and brethren had become enemies; strangers had acted as friends; it was not wonderful if it was thought a point of honor to snap the old ties as far as might be; to take up in everything, as far as might be, the position of a new nation, rather than that of a severed branch of an old nation. I can understand that the Englishman of America may be tempted to see something of sacrifice, something like surrender of his national position, when he is called on to admit himself simply to be an Englishman of America. The Englishman of Britain has no such difficulties. To his eye the kindred lies on the surface, plain to be seen of all men. But it is not wonderful if the eye of the Englishman of America is a degree less clear-sighted. He may be pardoned if to him the kindred does not lie so visibly on the surface; if it is to him something which he gladly acknowledges when it is pointed out, but which he needs to have pointed out before he acknowledges it.

But, besides all this, I cannot help thinking that certain forms of speech, possibly unavoidable forms of speech, have done much to keep the two branches of the divided people asunder. The ideal after which I would fain strive would be for all members of the scattered English folk to feel at least as close a tie to one another as was felt of old by all members of the scattered Hellenic folk. Geographical distance, political separation, fierce rivalry, cruel warfare, never snapped the enduring tie which bound every Greek to every other Greek. So the Englishman of

Britain, of America, of Africa, of Australia, should be each to his distant brother as were the Greek of Massalia, the Greek of Kyrênê, and the Greek of Chersôn. I have no doubt that it is a piece of pedantry to hint at the fact, but the fact is none the less true and practical, that, in order to compass this end, the scattered branches of the common stock must have a common name. This the old Greeks had. The Hellên remained a Hellên wherever he settled himself, and wherever he settled himself the land on which he settled became Hellas. The Greek of Attica or Peloponnêsos did not distinguish himself from the Greek of Spain by calling himself a Greek and his distant kinsman a Spaniard. But it is hard to find a name fitted in modern usage to take in all the scattered branches of the English folk. A certain class of orators on both sides of ocean would seem to have dived into the charters of the tenth and eleventh centuries, and to have hence fished up the antiquated name of "Anglo-Saxon." We hear much big talk about the "Anglo-Saxon race," somewhat to the wrong of that greater Teutonic body of which Angles and Saxons are fellow-members with many others. But those who use the name probably attach no particular meaning to it; to them it goes along with such modern creations as Anglo-Normans, Anglo-Indians, Anglo-Catholics. The very narrow historical sense of the word "Anglo-Saxon" is never thought of. It is not remembered that its use was to mark the union of Angles and Saxons under one king, an use which naturally was forgotten as the distinction between Angles and Saxons was forgotten. Anyhow the name is antiquated and affected; it is not the name which most naturally springs to any man's lips: it is a name artificially devised to answer a certain purpose. For the Englishman of Britain and the Englishman of America to greet one another as "Anglo-Saxons" is very much as if the Greek of Peloponnêsos and the Greek of Spain had greeted one another, not as Hellênês, but as Danaans or Pelasgians. Yet there certainly is a difficulty, such as the Greek never felt, in their greeting one another by their true name of Englishmen. So to do is easier in Latin than in English; "Angli," "Anglici," even "Angligenæ," might serve the term quite well; but the word "Englishman" has somehow got a local meaning, as if it belonged to the soil rather than to the stock, as if it expressed allegiance to a certain government rather than

partnership in a certain speech and descent. Now how old is this use? How long is it since the word "American" was applied to English settlers in America? and how long—a much shorter time undoubtedly—since the word "American" was first opposed to the word "English"? These questions belong to that large class of questions, which cannot be answered offhand when the answer is wanted; questions to which the answer can be found only by keeping them constantly in mind, and noting everything that directly or indirectly bears upon them. In a hymn of one of the Wesleys there is a line which runs thus,—

The dark Americans convert.

At that line the minds of some citizens of the United States have been known to be offended. Yet it is certain that by "Americans" Wesley meant only the native Indians, and I conceive that he could not have applied the name "American" to the English folk of any of the Thirteen Colonies.

It is yet more to be noticed that throughout the contemporary records of the War of Independence, not only, as far as I have seen, is the word "English" never contrasted with "American," but the name "English" is never applied to the enemies against whom Washington and his fellows were striving. The word which is commonly used—which, as far as I have seen, is invariably used—is "British." This was just as it should be; the distinction between "American" and "British" marks the political and geographical severance between the English in Britain and the English in America, without shutting out either from their common right to the English name. Words like "colonial," "provincial," "continental," went out of use as the colonies ceased to be provinces, and declared themselves to be independent States. The new power needed a new name, and no name more distinctive than "American" was to be had. But "American" was still not opposed to "English;" it was opposed to "British," as marking the severance between the English folk in Britain and the English folk in America. We have next to ask, When did this usage go out? When did "English" instead of "British" come to be the word commonly opposed to "American"? Again we cannot answer offhand; but "British" certainly was the word in use at the time of the war of 1812, and I fancy that it was in use much later. I have been told that the

change took place about the time of the Oregon disputes. I have also been told that the change was really brought in out of good feeling towards the mother country. "British" was a name which suggested old wrongs, while no such unpleasant memories gathered round the English name. I can neither confirm nor deny either of these statements; but that the change has taken place there is no doubt. The American no longer familiarly uses the word "British" to denote the English of Britain. As long as he did so, his language was at least patient of the interpretation that he still looked on himself as an Englishman. He now habitually uses the words "English," "Englishman," in every possible relation, to denote the English of Britain as distinguished from himself. That is, he gives up the English name as no longer belonging to him. Even if the change was, as was above suggested, made out of friendliness, I cannot look on it as a change for the better. Of the two, I had rather that the Englishman of America should look on me as a brother with whom he has a quarrel, than that he should look on me as a stranger in blood, even though a stranger admitted to his friendship.

It was acutely remarked to me by an American friend that it would be easy to use the adjective "British" according to the older usage which I had said that I wished to see restored, but that a substantive was lacking. This is perfectly true. The only available substantive, "Briton," will not do. Strictly, of course, that name means a Welshman, and it has gone out of use in that sense for a much shorter time than people commonly think. In any other use it belongs to the same class of names as "Anglo-Saxon." It is not the natural name by which an Englishman speaks of himself; it is used either in a half-laughing vein, or because it is thought to be fine, or else of set purpose to find some name which shall take in all the people of Great Britain. Yet the only alternative would seem to be the grotesque and rather ugly form "Britisher." And I always told my American friends that I had rather be called a Britisher than an Englishman, if by calling me an Englishman they meant to imply that they were not Englishmen themselves.

Then the name "American" also suggests some questions. No one uses it now in the sense of Wesley's "dark Americans." That is, no one uses it exclusively of them. The name takes them in for some purposes, while for others it

shuts them out. The word "American" for some purposes means the United States only; for some other purposes it means the whole American continent. It is certainly odd that "American languages" would be everywhere understood as meaning the native languages of the continent, while "American literature" means so much of English literature as belongs locally to the United States. To me Prescott and Motley seem as much English historians, Longfellow and Whittier seem as much English poets, as if they had been born and had written in Great Britain. They are English writers, writing in the English tongue, their own tongue, in which they have just as much right as any native of Great Britain. But in common American speech, "English literature" means the literature of the local England only. "American literature" belongs exclusively to the United States. The phrase hardly takes in the English literature, if there be any, of Canada; it certainly does not take in the Spanish literature, if there be any, of Mexico. The oddest use of all is when the word "American" is used geographically to shut out certain parts of the American continent. At Niagara people talk of the "American side" and the "English side." I suggested, "for 'American' read 'English,' and for 'English' read 'French.'" The truth is that the great land of the United States has not yet got a name, a real local name, like England or France, or even like Canada or Mexico. I know not whether it is any comfort that, as I once observed elsewhere,* the lack is common to the United States of America with the other chief confederations of the world. The kingdom of the Netherlands, once the Seven United Provinces, is commonly spoken of as "Holland," the name of one of its provinces only, while we commonly call its people "Dutch," the name of a great race which takes in ourselves. It is by a kindred confusion, though one which does not take exactly the same form, a confusion arising from the same lack of a real name for the country, that, when we speak of "American literature," "American institutions," "American politics," "American society," we mean the institutions, the literature, the politics, and the society, of the United States only, while by "American zoology," "American geology," etc., we mean those of the whole continent, while "American languages,"

* Historical Geography, vol. i., p. 58a.

distinctly excludes those languages in which American literature has been possible. The want of a real name for the land, and the awkwardness to which one is driven for lack of it, struck me at every turn in my American travels. But I cannot undertake to find the remedy for the evil by inventing a new name.*

Now mankind are, after all, so deeply influenced by names and formulæ that it does seem to me by no means unlikely that these ways of speaking have really had some share in keeping up and widening the distinction between the two branches of the English folk. They did not cause the distinction; for they are themselves among the effects of it; but, in the way in which causes and effects so constantly react on one another, they may very well have helped in sharpening the distinction and making it more long lived. Anyhow, I think that my general proposition will hold. It seems to me that the Englishman of America is less likely to carry about with him the feeling of common brotherhood than the Englishman of Britain is, but that he accepts it willingly and gladly when it is fairly set before him. The feeling in short exists unconsciously, and it shows itself unconsciously in a thousand ways. It is hardly a contradiction to say that, where the distinction is most sharply and purposely drawn, it is really a witness to the real absence of any essential distinction. American interest in England seems to be generally as keen as one could wish it to be. The forms which it takes are various; some are all that we could wish them to be; others perhaps sometimes are not always so likely to lead to the result for which we are seeking.

I will illustrate my meaning as to the different ways in which likeness and unlikeness are apt to strike most strongly according to circumstances by an illustration from travel on the European continent. An Englishman most commonly begins his travels in France, he very often begins his Continental travels of any kind, with a journey in Normandy.

* What if the name of New England, a name surely to be cherished on every ground, had spread over the whole Union? It would have been better than nothing; but a real geographical name would be better still. The lack has been felt in the country, and somebody once proposed "Fredonia." I remember a map in my boyhood with the name on it. One may guess that the author of the name had the words *free* and *freedom* in his head; but after what analogy did he coin his name? One might have thought it hard to out-do the absurdity of "Secessia," of which newspaper correspondents thought it fine to talk twenty years back. But "Secessia" certainly does not come within many parasangs of "Fredonia."

The result of this is that he fails to see how much Normandy and England have in common. If Normandy is the first Continental land that he visits, he is naturally most struck by the points of unlikeness between Normandy and England. Let him go straight on into Aquitaine, and see Normandy as he comes back, and he will at once see how much England and Normandy have in common as compared with England and Aquitaine. Now if this is true of lands speaking different tongues, it has tenfold truth between lands speaking the same tongue. Everything leads the American who visits Europe to visit England before any other part of Europe. Indeed, unless he takes special pains to chalk out some other road, he will, as a matter of course, be taken to England first of all, saving the chance of an earlier hour or two in Ireland. But I have seriously counselled American friends, who have never been in Europe, not to visit England first. I have even counselled them, if they can manage it—and sometimes it can be managed—to see the less frequented parts of Europe first, say Sicily or southern Italy, Greece or the neighboring lands—I dare say Spain would also serve the turn, but I cannot speak of Spain from my own knowledge—then to see the more familiar lands of Italy, Germany, or France, and to see their own motherland last of all. One cannot expect many American travellers to follow this itinerary; but I believe that it would have a very wholesome effect on any that would do so. What I spoke of in the case of Normandy will now come true with tenfold force. The American who sees England first of all will naturally compare England with his own land, and he will naturally be most struck with points of unlikeness. If he does not see England till he has seen other lands where the unlikeness is far deeper, he will be most struck with the points of likeness; he will feel himself more thoroughly at home in the land of his fathers. It was not pleasant when I once read in an American periodical a recommendation to American visitors to London to go somewhere or other where they would meet only their own countrymen, and would thereby escape "the horrible English intonation." I do not know what "the horrible English intonation" is, and one can hardly stifle the thought that travellers who are so shocked at it had better never have left their own side of ocean; but I cannot help thinking that, if they had first taken in

their fill of lands speaking altogether strange tongues, they might have been glad to find themselves in a land where their own tongue was spoken, be the "intonation" of the speaker what it may.

But, with all this interest and curiosity in English matters, I was, whenever I got beyond the very first range of American minds, which I found on the other side of ocean, often struck by an amount of ignorance about such matters which I had certainly not looked for. It may be that the ignorance is to a considerable extent mutual, and I am certain of one thing, that the average American knows much more about his own country than the average Englishman knows about his. But I must say — even at the risk of being charged with that fault of "condescension" which of all faults I most wish to avoid — that English ignorance of America and American ignorance of England do not stand on the same ground. The American is really more called on to know about British matters than the Britisher is called on to know about American matters. And that for this obvious reason, that American matters cannot be thoroughly understood without constant reference to English matters, while English matters may be thoroughly understood with little or no reference to American matters. The present state of things in America implies the past history of America, and the past history of America implies the past history of England. It is needless to go about to prove this, while America keeps the tongue and — speaking roughly — the institutions of England, not as something borrowed from another people, but as the common heritage of the divided branches of the same people. It is needless to go about to prove that the Englishman of America has exactly the same right in all the memories and traditions and associations of the elder days of England which the Englishman of Britain has. On the other hand, the special history of America, the history of the English folk in America since the separation, though it must ever be an object of deep interest to all in the motherland, is not in the same way part of the history of the elder England, or in the same way needful for understanding the history of the elder England. I hold then that British ignorance of America is more easily to be forgiven than American ignorance of Britain. This last is largely owing to defective teaching, and I believe that the defective teaching is largely owing to a mistaken feeling of national self-assertion. The warning of Washington

against meddling in the affairs of Europe was politically most sound; but Washington could hardly have meant it to be understood as forbidding all acquaintance with the past history and present state of Europe. But there certainly is — I should rather say there was — a tendency in some American quarters to think and speak as if nothing could concern the American people, if it were of older date than the battle of Bunker Hill, or, at any rate, than the sailing of the "Mayflower." It is doubtless a caricature when the American child, when he is asked who was the first man, is made to answer George Washington, and when, on another child suggesting Adam as a correction, the first pleads that he did not know that he was to take count of foreigners.* I am told that it is only lately that English history has been at all generally taught in any but the highest American schools, and I fear that it is still taught as a thing apart, not as an essential part of the history of the American people. American children's books are sure to pay all due honor to the Pilgrim Fathers, and, if so disposed, to Captain John Smith of Virginia; but in the times before Smith and the Pilgrim Fathers they are apt to dwell more than enough on red Indians and mastodons and less than enough on the land and people from which Smith and the Pilgrim Fathers came. But it is harder still when the land from which they came is passed by, and the rest of the elder lands acknowledged. A Chicago periodical reported as a fact, but a fact of which the Chicago periodical certainly did not approve, what followed when a school of girls was set to draw a map of Europe. One girl draws her map according to her own notions; another, by way of correction, suggests that the British Islands are left out. The schoolmistress rebukes the interference of the critic; she had not said that there was any need to put in islands. Then the mortified Britisher might thus at least have the consolation that Sicily, Crete, and Cyprus fared no better than his own island. This story was told in a review of Mr. Green's "Making of England," a book which the Chicago writer hoped might do something to improve this state of things. But, more seriously, I was struck, often in quarters where I should hardly have looked for it, with what seemed to me a strange ignorance of English matters, especially of English geog-

* This story seems badly put together. Surely it should have gone on to say that somebody named, not *Adam* but *Adams*, as the second man.

raphy. I was amazed, for instance, to be asked whether Lincolnshire was on the west side of England or the east, to be asked, and that by a scholar of oecumenical fame, in what part of England Northamptonshire lay; and, cruellest of all, to be asked in very intelligent company whether the county of Somerset was called from the Dukes of Somerst. That was indeed an unkind blow to an immemorial Teutonic *gā*, to fancy it called after some Seymour of yesterday, or even after one of the somewhat older Beauforts. I need not say that Madison County, Tompkins County, and the like, was what was in the speaker's mind. Now I shall of course be asked whether an Englishman on the same level would know any more of the geography of America. And I will say beforehand that, if I have been amazed in America at ignorance of the geography of England, I have often been just as much amazed in England at the ignorance of the geography of continental Europe. But as for English knowledge of American geography, it seems to me that a decently educated Englishman ought to know the position of great and renowned states like Virginia and Massachusetts, but that he may be forgiven for knowing very little about Arizona and Colorado, beyond the fact that they lie a long way west of Virginia and Massachusetts. But then all England, every corner of it, is, not as Arizona and Colorado, but as Virginia and Massachusetts, and something more. For no part of Britain or of Europe looks to Virginia and Massachusetts as a motherland. But every corner of England is, or may prove to be, the parent or the metropolis of this or that corner of America. The Federal capital bears the name of the patron hero, and the patron hero bore the name which his forefathers took from one or other of the obscure Washingtons in England. Such an instance as this is typical. I think we may reasonably expect an American of average thought and average knowledge to know more of English geography and of everything English than we can expect the Britisher on the same level to know of American matters, or than we can expect men of different European nations to know of each others' lands. In none of these cases is the land which a man knows or of which he is ignorant, the direct, obvious, acknowledged cradle of his own people.

I have to put in some modifying adjectives, lest I should be met with an answer out of my own mouth. In England I
LIVING AGE. VOL. XXXIX. 2015

have ever preached the lesson *antiquam exquirite matrem*, while in America I have, at the expense of metre, preached it in the shape of *antiquiorem exquirite matrem*. I am not likely to forget that if the English settlements in America are colonies of the English settlements in Britain, so the English settlements in Britain are themselves colonies of the older English land on the European mainland. In the wider history of the three Englands no fact is of greater moment; it is in fact the kernel, almost the essence, of their whole history. Still the constant acknowledgment and carrying about of that fact is a kind of counsel of perfection which every one cannot be expected to bear in mind. The analogy between the European and the American settlements is real, but it is hidden. The points of likeness lie on the surface. The far longer time of separation between the first England and the second, the consequences following on that longer separation, above all the far wider break in the matter of language and institutions—to say nothing of the wide diversity in date and circumstances between the settlements of the sixth century and the settlements of the seventeenth—all these things join together to make the relations between the first England and the second altogether unlike the relations between the second England and the third. The oldest England on the European continent should never be forgotten by the men of the middle England in the isle of Britain. But it never can be to them all that the middle England in the isle of Britain surely ought to be to the men of the newest England on the mainland of America.

The main ties between the motherland and her great colony are the two main results of community of stock; that is, community of language and community of law. Of language I will speak at another time. I would now, with all the diffidence of one who is not a lawyer, say a word about law. The lawyers in America are an even more important class than they are in England; the proportion of them in the legislative bodies both of the States and of the Union is something amazing. And the main point in which the position of the legal profession in America differs from its position in England, namely, the union of the two characters of barrister and solicitor in the same person, seems to me to cut two ways. On the one hand, I am told that it leads to the admission of many inferior and in-

competent members of the profession, of many even who do not understand Latin. But, on the other hand, it helps, together with that localization of justice which is natural under the American system, to secure the presence of some lawyers of the higher class in every town that we come to. In England our barristers are nearly all gathered together in London; here and there in a few of the greatest towns there is a local bar; but the ordinary English town knows no resident form of lawyer higher than the local solicitor. But in America the size of the country and its Federal constitution join to hinder our centralization of the higher justice. In all the large towns there are State courts, and often Federal courts too, which need the constant presence of men who answer, not to the solicitor who appears at petty sessions or in the county court, but to the barrister practising before — a layman may be forgiven for not venturing to meddle with the tribunals bearing new and longer names which have supplanted the venerable and historic courts of a few years back. Thus there is everywhere in every town a kernel of society of a higher kind than the English country town supplies. Now in the higher class of American lawyers there is a very close tie between America and England. Where the law is simply the law of England with a difference, the old common law with such changes as later legislation may have wrought, there must be in the legal profession a good deal of knowledge of English matters. It is pleasant to see an American law library, with English and American books side by side. It is pleasant to hear an American legal pleading, in which the older English legislation, the older English decisions, are dealt with as no less binding than the legislation and decisions of the local courts and assemblies, and where the English legislation and decisions of later times are held to be, though not formally binding, yet entitled to no small respect. As to outward appearances indeed, most of the American courts have lost the pomp and circumstance with which we are accustomed to clothe the administration of the higher justice at home. It is only in that great tribunal which can sit in judgment on the legislation of a nation, in the Supreme Court of the United States, that any trace is left of the outward majesty of the law as it is understood in England. But look at any American court, in such States at least as I have visited, and we see that the real life of English

law and English justice is there. All the essential principles, all the essential forms, are there. The very cry of *aves*, meaningless most likely in the mouth of the crier who utters it, not only tells us that it is the law of England which is administering, but reminds us how largely the older law of England was recast — not more than recast — at the hands of the Norman and the Angevin. We feel that the law which is laid down by the banks of the Hudson or the Potomac is still the law of King Edward with the amendments of King William. Sometimes indeed, when we find the newer England cleaving to cumbrous tradition which the elder England has cast away, we feel that a few further amendments of later days would not be out of place. The wonderful repetitions and contradictions in the indictment against Guiteau belong to a past stage of our own jurisprudence; yet there is a certain, perhaps unreasonable, satisfaction in finding that the newer home of our people is conservative enough to cleave to some things which the elder home has exchanged for newer devices. New devices indeed we sometimes light upon in the new world. When we look at a Maryland judge who is authorized, under certain circumstances, to send men to the gallows without a jury, we are divided between wonder at the innovation and awe towards a being who can do what no other being that we ever saw before can do. We are struck with a different feeling when we see the mutual reverence which judge and jury show to one another in Massachusetts, where the judge stands up to give his charge to the jury and the jury stand up to listen to his charge. Even varieties of this kind, even what we are inclined to look on as the lack of some useful solemnities, bring more forcibly home to us that the law which is dealt out is, after all, our own law. In this, as in most other American matters, we notice the slightest diversity all the more because the two things are in their main essence so thoroughly the same.

I am not forgetful that the laws of different States are very far from being everywhere the same, and that the legislation of some States has brought in some startling differences from the legislation both of England and of other States. But we may still carry on our eleventh-century formula. The law is not a new law; it is the old law, with certain — perhaps very considerable — amendments. Even if it be held that a new superstructure has been built up, it has been built

up upon an old groundwork. Here there is a tie, not only to the mother country, but to an old side of the mother country. A real American lawyer must be an English lawyer too. He cannot fail to know something of the history of the land whose laws it becomes his duty to master; he may know at least as much as the English lawyer himself condescends to know. And I can witness that there are American lawyers who go somewhat further than the ordinary English lawyer thinks it his business to go. If a good many are still floundering in the quagmire of Blackstone, there are some who have made their way to the firm ground of Stubbs and Maine.

The nature of Blackstone suggests a state of mind which I certainly cannot call an American peculiarity, which it may be going too far to call even an American characteristic. For the state of mind of which I speak, though it was brought forcibly to my notice on the other side of ocean, is only too common in England also, and in many parts beside. I remember years ago acting as examiner at Oxford with a man who, whatever may have been his attainments as a lawyer, had certainly made a good deal of money at the bar. He made the men who were examined say that the Conqueror introduced the feudal system at the great Council of Salisbury. I implored him to say nothing of the kind, and explained to him that the legislation of Salisbury was the exact opposite to what he fancied. My colleague refused to hearken; he had to examine in law; Blackstone was the great oracle of the law; Blackstone put the matter as he put it, and he could not go beyond Blackstone. This is an extreme case of a man who cannot get beyond his modern book, and to whom the notion of an original authority is something which never came into his head. I believe there is in all parts of the world a large class of people into whose heads it never does come that history is written from original sources. I have had talks with people, and have received letters from people who clearly thought that I or any other writer of history did it all from some kind of intuition or revelation, who had no idea that we got our knowledge by turning over this book and that. And I have known others who have got beyond this stage, who know that we get our knowledge from earlier writings, but who fancy that these earlier writings are something altogether strange and rare, the exclusive possession of a certain class, and placed altogether

out of the reach of any but members of that class. They are amazed if you tell them that for large parts of history, for all those parts with which I am mainly concerned, the sources lie open to every man, and that the only advantage which the professed historian has is the greater skill which long practice may be supposed to have given him in the art of using the sources. Now this state of mind, one which practically does not know that there are any sources, common enough in England, is commoner still in America. There, if we except a small body of scholars of the first rank, original sources seem to be practically unknown. It struck me that, with regard to reading and knowledge — at least in those branches of which I can judge — America stands to England very much as England stands to Germany. I conceive that in Germany the proportion of those who know something is smaller than it is in England, while the proportion of those who know a great deal is certainly larger. Anyhow this distinction is perfectly true between England and America. There is a mysterious being called the "general reader," of whom some editors seem to live in deadly fear. Now I had long suspected that the "general reader" was not so great a fool as the editors seemed to think, and my American experience has confirmed that suspicion. America strikes me as the land of the "general reader;" and, if so, I am not at all disposed to think scorn of the "general reader." It seemed to me that in America the reading class, the class of those who read widely, who read, as far as they go, intelligently, but who do not read deeply — the class of those who, without being professed scholars, read enough and know enough to be quite worth talking to — form a larger proportion of mankind in America than they do in England. On the other hand, the class of those who read really deeply, the class of professed scholars, is certainly much smaller in proportion in America than it is in England. The class exists; it numbers some who have done thoroughly good work, and others from whom thoroughly good work may be looked for; but it sometimes fails to show itself where one might most have expected to find it. Men from whose position one might have expected something more seem hardly to have grasped the conception of original authorities. One sees college library after college library which does not contain a volume of the Chronicles and Memorials, where the existence of that great series

seems to be unknown. I met men who admired Dr. Stubbs as they ought to do, who had read his "Constitutional History" carefully, but who had never so much as heard of those wonderful prefaces, those living pictures of men and times, on which, even more than on the "Constitutional History," the fame of the great professor must rest. How little some men, even in the chair of the teacher, have grasped the nature of the materials for historic study came out in a curious dialogue which I had with an American professor, I think a professor of history. He asked me, "Where do you write your works?" "In my own house, to be sure," I answered, "where else should I?" "O but you can't do them in your own house; you can't have the rare books and the curious manuscripts; you must be always going to the British Museum." He was a good deal amazed when I explained to him that all the important books for my period were printed, that I had them all around me in my own not wonderfully large library, that it was the rarest thing for me in writing my history to need a book that was not in my library, that I had never in my life made use of the British Museum library, and not very often of the Bodleian itself—that, for a few unprinted manuscripts which I knew would be of use to me the British Museum would give me no help, as they did not happen to be there—that, as a mere affair of the pocket, it was cheaper as well as more convenient to buy books for oneself than to take long journeys in order to read other people's books elsewhere. All this seemed altogether a new light to my friend. Of course a student of some other periods could not have made the same answer that I did. There are times for which the library of the British Museum, or any other public library, must be invaluable, but those times are not the eleventh and twelfth centuries. But it is plain that to my professor all centuries were much alike; he knew that there were such things as original sources, but they seemed to him to be something strange, mysterious, and inaccessible, something of which a private man could not hope to be the owner. That a man could have the *Chronicles* and *Florence and Orderic* lying on his table as naturally as he might have *Cæsar* and *Tacitus* had never come into his head. I heard a good deal in America of the difficulty of getting books, which I did not quite understand. It is surely as easy to get a book, whether from London or from Leipzig, in America

as it is in England; the book simply takes somewhat longer to come. But I can understand that American scholars may keenly feel one difficulty which I feel very keenly too. This is the utter hopelessness of keeping up with the ever-growing mass of German books, and yet more with the vaster mass of treatises which are hidden in German periodicals and local transactions. Of all these every German scholar expects us all to be masters, while to most of us they are practically as inaccessible as if they were shut up in the archives of the Vatican. When a German, and yet more when a Swiss, scholar gets any fresh light, his first impulse is carefully to hide it under a bushel, and then he expects all mankind to enter in and see the darkness.

I think I may fairly say that the state of things of which I speak, not so much mere ignorance of original sources as failure to grasp the existence and the nature of original sources, while sadly rife in England, is yet more rife in America. But I need hardly say that America has men of sound learning in various branches of knowledge of whom no land need be ashamed. At Harvard, at Yale, at Cornell, the most fastidious in the choice of intellectual society may be well satisfied with his companions. And there is a younger school of American scholarship growing up, of which, and of its researches, I cannot help saying a few words more directly. Students of early English history and language have had of late to acknowledge much valuable help in several shapes from the western branch of their people. But the school of which I have to speak is one which, among its other merits, has the special merit of being distinctively American, of being the natural and wholesome fruit of American soil. Its researches have taken that special direction which one might say that American research was called upon to take before all others. The new school is the natural complement of an elder school which has been useful in its time, but which could at the utmost serve only as the pioneer towards something higher.

Even from the days before independence, the English colonies in America have never lacked local historians. Every State, every district, almost every township, has found its chronicler. And worthily so; for every State, every district, every township, has its history. In New England above all, the history of even the smallest community has some political instruction to give us. The his-

tory of New England is a history of exactly the same kind as the history of old Greece or of mediæval Switzerland, the history of a great number of small communities, each full of political life, most of them reproducing ancient forms of Teutonic political life which have died out in the elder England and which live only among the lakes and mountains of the elder Switzerland. The institutions of any community in the thirteen colonies, above all of any community in New England, are more than a mere object of local interest and curiosity. They show us the institutions of the elder England, neither slavishly carried on nor scornfully cast aside, but reproduced with such changes as changed circumstances called for, and those for the most part changes in the direction of earlier times. As many of the best reforms in our own land have been — often unwittingly, and when unwittingly all the better — simply fallings back on the laws and customs of earlier times, so it has specially been with the reforms which were needed when the New England arose on the western shore of ocean. The old Teutonic assembly, rather the old Aryan assembly, which had not long died out in the Frisian sea-lands, which still lived on in the Swabian mountain-lands, rose again to full life in the New England town-meeting. Here we have, supplied by the New England States, a direct contribution, and one of the most valuable of contributions, to the general history of Teutonic political life, and thereby to the general history of common Aryan political life. And other parts of the Union also, though their contributions are on the whole of less interest than those of New England, have something to add to the common stock. Each of the colonies reproduced some features of English life; but different colonies reproduced different sides and, so to speak, different dates of English life. All these points in the local history of the colonies need to be put in their right relation to one another and to other English, other Teutonic, other Aryan institutions. This would seem to be a study to which the scholars of the United States are specially called. The study of institutions, the scientific exposition of what America has to teach us on that head, has been taken up by those who have come in the wake of the older school of American inquirers. On the more homely researches of the local chronicler there naturally fol-

lows a newer and more advanced class of inquirers, men who not only collect facts, but who know how to put the facts which they collect into their proper place in the general history of mankind. I have hitherto abstained from mentioning names; it is often invidious to pick and choose, and some of those whom I have had in my eye may claim the benefit of the proverb that good wine needs no bush. But a young and growing school, which still has difficulties to struggle against, may be glad of a good word on either side of ocean. I cannot help mentioning the school which is now devoting itself to the special study of local institutions, a school which is spread over various parts of the Union, but which seems to have its special home in the Johns Hopkins University at Baltimore, as one from which great things may be looked for. And I cannot help adding the name of my friend Mr. Herbert B. Adams as that of one who has done much for the work, and who, to me at least, specially represents it. To trace out the local institutions, and generally the local history of their own land, to compare them with the history and institutions of elder lands, to show that it is only on the surface that their own land lacks the charm of antiquity, is the work which seems chalked out for the inquirers of this school, and a noble and patriotic work it is. An eye accustomed to trace the likenesses and unlikenesses of history will rejoice to see the Germans of Tacitus live once more in the popular gatherings of New England — to see in the strong life of Rhode Island a new Appenzell beyond the ocean — to see the great city of Arcadia rise again in the Federal capital by the Potomac. North and South, and the older West also, has each its help to give, its materials to furnish. Viewed rightly, with the eye of general history, it is no mean place in the annals of the world that falls to the lot of the two great commonwealths between which the earliest, and till our own days the greatest, presidencies of the American Union were so unequally divided.

In this present article I have kept chiefly to general matters. In another I trust to say something more of my American impressions in matters of smaller detail. This will be in some sort a harder task, but I trust that I may go through that also without finding the dictates of truth and the memory of much kindness and many happy days clash with one another.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

From Temple Bar.

ROBIN.

BY MRS. FARR, AUTHOR OF "ADAM AND EVE."

CHAPTER XXX.

JACK's influence had a marked effect on his neighbors — people readily follow the lead of a good-looking, well-to-do bachelor, and in most of the houses about Wadpole there were sons to push on, daughters to marry, or some sufficient reason for making it desirable to stand well in the good graces of the new squire who, before a month had gone by, had strained a great many points to call on everybody worth knowing far and near, and when Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Blunt were discussed — as discussed they were certain to be — he seized the opportunity of speaking of his former intimacy with Mrs. Blunt, of saying that he had met a friend in her, and that her father Aston Veriker and he while abroad had seen an immense deal of one another.

Veriker! Was Mrs. Blunt a Miss Veriker then? Oh, really! what, one of the Portsdown Verikers? then of course they must call, certainly there could be no possible reason for not knowing her, and gradually, in a very short time, it seemed agreed on by tacit consent, that Mrs. Blunt and her husband, Mr. Christopher Blunt, were to be recognized as members of Wadpole society.

Wishing it to be thoroughly understood — more especially in the presence of the man so many of them up to now had ignored — that it was Mrs. Blunt who possessed the open sesame to their intimacy, the callers each one repeated something said to them by the squire.

Mr. Dorian-Chandos had spoken of Mrs. Blunt as being such a very great friend of his, or Mr. Dorian-Chandos had seemed to speak with such regret of Mrs. Blunt's father; he said while they were abroad they were so very much together.

Honey to Robin, gall to old Blunt, who endured martyrdom in having to sit still and hear these praises of the man whom, even dead, above all others he hated.

Rankling within him they began to breed dislike of Robin; instead of her being beholden to him, the feeling forced on him was that he was being patronized because of her, was being taken by the hand for the reason that his son, *his* son was married to the daughter of that Veriker. Faugh! the very thought brought out the perspiration on Mr. Blunt's ample forehead; if he could only tell them, could only speak the things he knew about that

swindling, card-sharpping vagabond. And the squire! Mr. Blunt's slightly rubicund nose twitched, he smelt a rat somewhere there; no man, let him be blind as a bat, or green as a gooseberry — and the squire was neither the one nor the other — could be long without taking the measure of Veriker; he'd find out in what sort of company Robin and her father had found this Mr. Dorian-Chandos, and how it was they came to be so very thick together, they and he. You were never the worse positioned for having a thumb to place down on a man in any case of emergency. Mr. Chandos was all very well in his way, he could make himself very agreeable, and he was the squire, but there the matter ended. Since that first day of introduction so far as Mr. Blunt was concerned, he had never managed to push the intimacy further, not that that surprised him very much nor annoyed him either; he had sense enough to know that they were men whom age, and bringing up in two totally opposite worlds, prevented having much in common together, but what did irritate him was Mr. Dorian-Chandos's manifest avoidance of Christopher, an indescribable something which, without being in any way able to account for it, obliged him to see that the two were never perfectly at ease with one another. It was true Mr. Chandos called frequently, often under the pretext of a very flimsy necessity, but any step beyond mere civility was almost resented in his manner, and every offer of hospitality was unhesitatingly declined.

Gradually and very unwillingly it began to dawn upon Mr. Blunt's mind that Robin was the object of all this attention, not only on the part of Mr. Chandos, but of every one else in and about Wadpole, and so long as they could secure Robin's society, Christopher and he might go whistle.

There were moments when these thoughts filled Mr. Blunt with such fury that to guard himself against them, he had to seek some distraction. This, then, was what he had toiled for, had made his money for; why he had bought an estate and surrounded himself with luxury; that the daughter of that swindler might have the benefit of it — that she might go driving about the country belaced and befor-belowed, hand and glove, with the best; not for the reason of being *his* son's wife, but because, forsooth, she was the daughter of *Mr. Aston Veriker!* Mr. Blunt's veins stood out, his pulses beat, his heart thudded until he grew nervous at the

force of his own passion, and to calm it he would have recourse to a remedy any over-indulgence in which, while it made him more at ease in himself, rendered him twenty times more obnoxious to those around him.

He would waylay Christopher, contradict, thwart, argue with Robin, and grow furious because in each dispute the husband would side with the wife. Every now and then he would make a fresh attempt at stirring Christopher up to what he seemed blind to. Why did he permit Robin to go out alone, riding and driving, to these parties to luncheon, and afternoon teas; hadn't they asked him?

Certainly he had been asked, Christopher would say.

"Then why don't you go, you've learnt how to drive and to ride, you know how to play for these games, what do you stop home for?"

"Because I prefer to stop home."

"Oh, prefer. Ah, yes, that's it—well then I can tell you what, if you stop home she ought to stop too."

"Not at all, if it pleases her to go."

"Pleases her to go! A wife's business is to be pleased to do what her husband does, and not to be seen all over the place with this one and the other, and you don't know who?"

"I am perfectly satisfied, I always know with whom Robin has been."

Alas, poor Christopher! he only knew it too well—jealousy is love's shadow—and he had not been many times in presence of Jack with Robin without knowing on whom that shadow had fallen.

Christopher held an index to most of Jack's movements. He could have told where they would meet him, why he wouldn't stay, where he would not go. In a room he began to count how long it would be before Jack would find himself at Robin's side, and he had blushed at the anxiety with which he had sought in the dictionary for some sentence in Italian which Jack had spoken to her.

Then the sight of her face radiant and happy, sent a chill through Christopher's heart. It was the Robin he had seen in Venice—until the last month she had never looked like that since they were married.

The bursts of song, which came from her as from a bird every now and then, jarred on the ears that had known her dumb until this presence came to make that melody.

Oh cruel, cruel love, what tortures lie within thy quiver! Strive as he would,

Christopher could not help holding Jack as the mirror by which he saw reflected all Robin's actions. When he stayed at home—not wishing to give his weakness food by watching them—Robin, as soon as they were alone—for a sort of dumb resentment which had sprung up between her and Mr. Blunt kept her silent before him—would talk of all that had happened. Tell him of what this one had said, had done; of herself; of Jack. So far nothing was hidden, of that Christopher felt sure, and his surmise was correct. Robin lived a joyous being, with no thought as yet that the atmosphere which had turned all to brightness was the atmosphere of love.

Happiness in many cases serves as the hole into which the ostrich puts its head.

Robin never stopped to consider what people said, what they thought, what remarks they might make upon her; she had never been trained in the wholesome fear of Mrs. Grundy, and Jack, having yielded to temptation, was now growing reckless, leaning all his weight on that treacherous reed which he called honor, and stultifying himself by the oft-repeated assurance that they were nothing more than the friends they had been formerly.

How dangerous for most so positioned is that constant recurrence to days gone by, those roused memories of things that others know not of, a glance exchanged, a sigh echoed, a word interpreted! All these passed between Jack and Robin, and each time they met, the communion grew more dangerously dear. Georgy Temple, who now saw a great deal of Robin, had more than once given Jack a word of warning by repeating to him some remark that she had heard made, but Jack only treated what she said with contempt, betraying at the same time a little vexation with her for telling him. "If they hadn't us to talk of," he said, "they'd find something to say about other people. I only know that it is quite impossible that they should have less occasion. Of course they don't know how intimately we've been connected, and as I don't consider it's any business of theirs I shall not enlighten them."

Georgy felt it impossible to say more, but she nevertheless remained watchful and, when certain gossips were present, made very open demands on Jack's attention.

One afternoon after a little display of this sort, as she and Mr. Cameron were walking back from a tennis party to

gether, some conversation between them led to his naïvely confessing what an unaccountable feeling of distress this seeking her cousin's attentions gave him.

"I have no experience of ever having had anything quite like the same feeling before," he said candidly.

"Is it because you dislike Jack?" asked Georgy.

"No," Mr. Cameron was afraid not. He stammered out something about a too idle life having demoralized him, so that since he had come to Wadpole he was grown selfish.

"Selfish are you, in what way?"

Mr. Cameron hesitated, looked at Georgy, looked away from her, and then, with a half-penitent air, he said, —

"Well, for one thing, because I always want to monopolize you, which certainly I have no right to do; but" — he went on more earnestly — "I assure you that of late, if I see any one else near you, more particularly Mr. Chandos, I am so angry and miserable, that I feel I ought to be ashamed of myself."

"Ought to be! then, are you not?"

"No, not in the least, it's with you that I feel so furious and — the other one whoever it may be."

Georgy laughed amusedly.

"It's a funny state of affairs, isn't it? Can you account for it in any way?"

"I!" and she opened her eyes in amazement, "no, how should I? What makes you ask me?"

"Oh, because I thought perhaps you might know — people say women think about love a great deal more than men do."

"Love! what has love to do with it?"

"That's just what I want to know, because I feel that if I have fallen in love with you, Georgy, it's very foolish in me, isn't it?"

"Very foolish, indeed," she said seriously.

"You think so?"

"I feel sure of it."

"Ah! yes. I was afraid you would."

"I haven't the slightest doubt," she went on, in the same voice, "and I certainly ought to know, since I suffer from the same complaint."

The pained look in his face had put an end to the teasing she had meant to keep up with him.

"Georgy," he said reproachfully, looking round — then, meeting her eyes filled with far more tenderness than half those who knew her gave her credit for — the truth seemed to dawn upon him.

"No! no," she said, putting up her hands, "you can't embrace me on the public road, don't look at me like that."

"Like what? Did I mean to? I don't think I did; I don't know. Georgy, tell me, put it into words, say you really love me."

"What, before you have told me that you love *me*! I'm sure I sha'n't."

"But you know that I love you."

"No, I don't."

"But I tell you that I do."

"Well, then, I tell you that I do."

"Really, truly, positively, love me?"

"Really, truly, positively, love you; there!"

"Oh, you can't, Georgy, it is impossible."

"Ah, so I have told myself, hundreds of times," and she sighed lugubriously; "but the fact still remains the same, it's horribly foolish in us, you know; two people circumstanced as we are, I without a penny to bless myself, and you with never a shilling to call your own."

Mr. Cameron laughed delightedly.

"What shall we do?" he said, rubbing his hands together. "We must make a beginning somehow. Oh, we shall get on bravely after we once see the direction to start in. Let me think now; the first thing to do is to tell your father. Tomorrow morning before I go to the schools, I shall run up and ask to speak to him."

"You'll do nothing of the kind," said Georgy decisively — "not yet," she added, seeing his look of dismay, "first of all let me speak to him, and after that, about telling any one else just yet, we'll see."

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE antagonism which steadily, day by day, increased between Robin and Mr. Blunt, was not — Christopher was obliged to own — solely the fault of his father.

A change had come to Robin's temper, and she, who had been accustomed to make sunshine everywhere, was now irritable, captious, and almost seeking causes for offence.

On two or three occasions, Christopher, gently indicating her fault, had tried to remonstrate with her, but instead of more than meeting him half-way, as up to now she had always done, she resented his interference with sharp words, or sullen silence.

Then her moods were so variable, it was impossible to count on them, at times shutting herself in her own room, seeking to be alone — hardly answering if spoken

to. At times fatiguing one with a flow of spirits unnaturally high, and painfully reminding Christopher of that mad, reckless gaiety which he had deplored in her father.

What had come to her? What had so changed her?

He who asked himself that question did not wait for a reply, but a name that he tried to forget rang in his ears, and in spite of himself pursued him.

"Haven't you anything to talk about, Christopher?" Robin would say, forgetting that it was she who had always made conversation. Of late when they found themselves together, a restraint seemed to have fallen on them, and neither could think of anything which would interest the other.

The time had gone by when Robin poured out all she had seen, and done, and said, in a volume of innocent chatter. Now, she went out and came back, saw people at home and abroad, without — beyond the fact that she had done so — Christopher being any the wiser.

"What is the good of telling him," she would say, "when he doesn't seem to care," and all the while a voice within give the lie to that thought, and, struggling with the desire to be frank, and the embarrassment of finding words to say, she would grow angry with Christopher for not asking questions that would break her silence.

So far, not a word that might not answer to friendship had ever been exchanged between Jack and Robin, but by degrees, easy and unseen, they had passed from the stage of being open and free to the stage of being watchful and guarded — not watchful of others, they felt far too secure for that to occur to them — but, without acknowledging it, each kept a hold on senses that would not now always answer to control.

Little did Christopher dream that more than once Robin had returned home full of the determination to tell him — she did not know what — except to say that she felt wretched, miserable, and that he must help her, and, coming in, she had found him seated with his father, reading to him, talking with him, and, as it seemed, hardly noticing her. And the poor heart, bruised with stumbling, tender, and easily set smarting, would grow faint, because the voice of that tempter, who never missed an occasion, told her, "He does not want you — he gets on very well without you."

Had he ceased then to care for her — did he no longer love her?

Oh, sorrowful tears that flowed over hopes that were shattered — two lives that were divided!

As a beam in the hand of a giant, misunderstanding comes to widen the breach between those who love. Thus Christopher, equally sore at the neglect he suffered under, winced, because, after having been absent for hours, Robin still stayed away, avoiding his company. Did she think that it was pleasure to sit with his father? striving to cheat the old man out of his ill-humor, so that he might be better disposed to show them generosity.

The question of that separate income — more than ever of late — had seldom been away from Christopher's mind, but each attempt to name it had been met with increasing rebuffs.

"You've all you want, and whatever you wish for, you can have; and if that don't satisfy you, I don't see what will."

"But it's usual, father," Christopher would urge, "when a man hasn't a profession, and is married, that he has something independent given to him."

"Who says it's usual?"

"Oh, I don't know who."

"No, nor I either. I'll tell you though what isn't usual, for a man to give the fling of his house to a parcel of people who are above putting their legs with him under the same table."

"How do you mean? I don't see what that's got to do with it."

"No, nor I don't mean that you shall neither, which you would be mighty likely to do, if that young lady up-stairs got the chance of a house of her own to rule the roast over. Ah, I never made a greater mistake in my life than in letting you go off there, I might have known no good would come of it. There now, don't begin; I ain't going to say a word against her, only she's got the name of Veriker, and a tame bird can't come out of a wild egg."

"It's rather late in the day to be thinking of that now," Christopher would answer gloomily, and the old man would tell him that none knew that better than he did himself, but he wasn't going to make a bad matter worse by letting the reins go from out his hands altogether. "When it's a child to provide for," he said, "you won't find me say nay, but so long as you're only the two together, as things have always been, so let them stay."

And for that time at least, Christopher would have to give up the discussion, but he by no means abandoned it. His love

for Robin made him daily more alive to the necessity of seeing her provided for, so that, happen what might, she would never be left wholly dependent on his father. Mr. Blunt, seeing his resolve so fixed, was equally firm in the opposite direction, and without any open warfare, Robin became the unacknowledged bone of contention between them — everything she said irritated her father-in-law, everything she did annoyed him, they could not be left together for five minutes but an offence had been taken or given — oftentimes of a nature which, while it stung her to the quick, she could not repeat to Christopher, nor even allude to its meaning, while he, good fellow, only getting a garbled account, would feel but the greater pain at Robin's growing lack of forbearance.

Thus gradually the house was being sapped of domestic harmony, an undercurrent of discord was set flowing, and with the gladness of a bird who finds again its liberty, did Robin continue to count on the meetings which Jack was always proposing.

People began to exchange meaning looks, and have their own little particular jokes about the great attention paid to Mrs. Christopher Blunt by Mr. Dorian-Chandos — the ill-natured shook their heads over it, the better disposed did not wonder, she was really so charming, sang so well, and was so good-natured about it, that they felt certain there never could be any harm in her; though it would not be surprising if there was when one thought of a sweet young creature like that, belonging to a good old family too, being condemned to pass her life with that silent stupid young Christopher Blunt and his atrociously vulgar father.

There was one fact that was universally condemned as a pity, and that was that Georgy Temple allowed her designs to be so apparent. She positively forced herself on the squire, there was no shutting your eyes to that; and two or three times he had, as well as a man could, decidedly rebuffed her.

Mrs. Temple seemed to take the thing for granted. She had spoken to several friends about what an excellent thing it would be for Dora and the whole family. It was such a terrible mistake, because you happened to be related to a man, to suppose you had a positive right to him; and in their opinion the squire wished them to see it, and to show them that Mrs. Blunt was an old friend too, though nobody could forget that while Georgy

Temple was there to tell them: she was forever harping on how very intimate they two had been in bygone days together, as if that would prevent your seeing how jealous she was of them now.

All these different motives, real and supposed, gave quite an impetus to Wadpole society, and the weather being fine, and the days long, parties and picnics followed one on the other: to some of these Christopher went, from some he stayed away, and when he did so, Robin and the Temples most frequently went together.

"Without my seeing much of him, Jack manages to favor us with a good deal of his company," the rector said to Georgy, as the day following her explanation with Mr. Cameron, she volunteered her company for a walk to Uplands with her father.

The conversation had turned on some of the previous parties, and Georgy was laughingly repeating a few of the remarks she had heard made upon her.

"It fails me to think what mother will say when she finds that Jack and I are not engaged to each other," she said, altering her voice and looking at her father fixedly.

"And you are not?"

"No."

"Not going to be?"

"Never."

The word came very decidedly.

"Ah!" and he gave a deep-drawn breath. "Well then, it being settled that it is not for your sake that he is always to be found dangling about in women's company, I think the sooner Mr. Jack makes himself for a time scarce in Wadpole, the better." Sitting quietly by engrossed in the cleaning of his guns, the arrangement of his flies, the putting in order of his fishing tackle — for the privacy of a room to himself had been a luxury so long done without, that he had ceased to feel the necessity of it — the rector noted many things which were believed to escape his observation. "What do you say — eh?"

"Say I wish you'd tell him so, father."

Georgy felt as if nothing could be easier.

"I tell him! not I, my dear;" then observing the expression on her face, he added in explanation, "there are some things in which men never interfere one with the other."

"Not men perhaps — but you're a clergyman, father: clergymen say many things."

"About which, if they are anything of my sort, they had better hold their tongues. It doesn't do, my dear, to accept no other duty than that of pulling up all the black sheep you meet straying."

Georgy looked troubled; it gave her inexpressible pain to hear her father speak in that way; she always felt if something, she could not tell what, could have been altered, what a different man he might have been.

"We'll ask Cameron," he said, patting her arm gently, "he'll find something to say to him; I dare say, if you think that's what is needed."

"You think well of Cameron, father — you like him, don't you?"

"Oh! yes," and the rector made a show of swallowing something. "I'm doing my best, seeing I am likely to get him given to me as a son-in-law. I suppose it's right to try and make the effort."

Georgy's face turned crimson for a moment, she was completely worsted by confusion.

"W — what do you mean?" she stammered, and then she burst out with, "That mean, deceitful little wretch! I do believe, after all, he has been saying something to you; has he? Has he said anything to you about me?"

The rector shook his head.

"No," he said, "but he has been saying something to you, I see."

"Oh well, really, papa, I believe I first put it into his head."

"Your sex generally do, my dear."

"No, but I mean I thought of it first."

"I am even prepared to credit that too."

"No, but joking apart, he couldn't believe it was possible, I saw that."

"And you helped him to a solution of his difficulty."

"Well you know, when two people are of one mind, it makes things easier, doesn't it?"

"If they happen to be of one household, certainly it does."

"Oh, that makes me think of mother, how shall we tell her? What will she say?"

"Say it's my fault, that's certain, for wanting a curate to help me."

"So she will; I never thought of that."

"Nor of a good many other things, I dare say. Did it happen to occur to either of you how you were going to live?"

"It occurred to me very forcibly," said Georgy dolefully. "All the same, papa," and the bright, fearless eyes looked at him steadily, "I have made my choice, so you must forgive me."

"Forgive you, child," and laying his hands on her shoulders, he wheeled her round, and for a moment stood silently regarding her. "And so you thought I had not seen anything of what was going on," he said presently, "that you were bamboozling your stupid old mole of a father, did you?"

"Oh, it wasn't that I meant to keep it secret from *you* — only, well — oh, I can't explain it quite, you know."

"Can't you?" he said; and then with an odd quaver in his voice he added: "I suppose it never entered into your young head that once upon a time — long, long ago — I was in love too. Yes, Georgy, the same voice you hear spoke to me, to one not so very unlike you I then told the same old story. They are all green memories still within me, and the recollection of them makes me tender to you."

Georgy slid her arm through his — she took his hand into her own — and silently they walked on together without another word, or question, for something seemed to tell the girl that it was not of her mother that her father was speaking.

From The Spectator.

AMERICAN SOCIETY AND ITS CRITICS.

IF Mr. Lowell has any spare time, between the kindness of his English friends and the abuse of his Irish compatriots, he can hardly devote it to a better purpose than to write another essay like his famous one "On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners." Some one, at any rate, must step forward to vindicate American society from the charges which have been brought against it during the past few months. It is not often that a call has to be made for volunteers to defend anything American; the power of prompt repartee and the desire to use it are supposed to be special transatlantic characteristics. It is now, however, three months since Mr. Matthew Arnold's brilliant "Word About America" appeared in the *Nineteenth Century*, and not a single voice has come across to us in reply. The subject arose first out of the opportunities for severe criticism of America which were afforded by the disgraceful Guiteau trial, — opportunities that were seized by every newspaper in England. Then came Mr. Arnold's article. That was followed by the success of the American novel, "Democracy," exhibiting the political corruption at Washington; and in July two mag-

azine articles kept the ball rolling, — one, a review of "Democracy," in the *Fortnightly*; the other, a long account of "American Society in American Fiction," in the *Edinburgh Review*.

Mr. Arnold's article is brilliant, but unfair, and in its origin recalls the fable of the "Frogs seeking a King." When discoursing of civilization and democracy, it has been his custom to draw his favorable illustrations from France. For this custom, he tells us, he has been reproached by certain American correspondents, who ask why he does not come to them for the illustration of his theories, why he does not avail himself of the one great republican nation of the earth. His attitude towards this inquiry was for a long time that of King Log towards the frogs, — he took no notice of it; he has now adopted the rôle of King Stork, and in reply to the gracious invitation of these American writers, he has proceeded to show them that their civilization falls far short of what is necessary to illustrate his theories, — has devoured them, as it were. As we might expect, his attack is much more trenchant than the ordinary outcry against American vulgarity, and calls for very adroit and extended reply, if, indeed, some of it admits of reply at all. It matters little to him that America can show a much larger proportion of persons who have all the necessities and some of the luxuries of life, than any other nation; he promptly admits that collective humanity has there a chance of nobler development than elsewhere; he is even only slightly disturbed by Mr. Bright's gorgeous eulogy of the American middle class. With the old tricks of fence he seeks to show that America does not exhibit in a sufficient degree "the ideal of well-being, of civilization, of humanization." Into this mysterious field of social metaphysics we do not propose to enter; as we have said, let Mr. Lowell, whose hand is as light and whose blade is as keen as Mr. Arnold's, do battle for his own land. Since, however, we have waited in vain for a better champion, there are a few points of unfairness to which we must call attention. We purposely pass over Mr. Arnold's habitual literary manœuvre in ringing the changes on a few apt quotations; his masking of his ideas under the indistinct personalities of Striker, Murdstone, and Quinion; and his threadbare, but apparently indispensable treatment of the questions of Nonconformity and secondary education. These are openings of which Mr. Lowell will doubtless avail himself,

should he honor us by following our suggestion.

With an entire superfluity of confidence, Mr. Arnold informs us that he has never been in America, and it is to this lack that several of his mistakes are to be traced. In the first place, he — in common with the writer in the *Edinburgh Review* — accepts the novels of Mr. Henry James as trustworthy accounts of American society. But Mr. James has been wittily defined as "an Englishman who had the misfortune to be born in America" — a definition which has found much favor — and no one can spend half an hour with him without discovering that he is an Englishman in manners, thoughts, and sympathies; and that the resemblance to the Prince of Wales, which is popularly and correctly ascribed to him, rests on a basis of temperament. Now, however much these things may be to Mr. James's personal advantage, it is evident that they do not fit him to be a sympathetic depicter of American society, an inference which turns to fact in the mind of any one who, unlike Mr. Arnold, is familiar with both the descriptive novels and the society described. Again, Mr. Arnold's praise of the New York *Nation* is richly merited; but how should he know, not having been in America, that this admirable newspaper has several remarkable and bitter prejudices, and that among these are a devotion to many English customs, and a corresponding hatred of opposed American ones? — a fact well known to its native readers. Consequently, he swallows without an effort the astounding statement of the *Nation*, that in America "not one man in a hundred thousand has either the manners or the cultivation of a gentleman, or changes his shirt more than once a week, or eats with a fork." The population of the United States is about fifty millions; according to the above proportion, therefore, there are between the Atlantic and the Pacific just five hundred happy individuals up to the *Nation's* very modest standard! Setting aside this retort, however, as mere casuistry, the following letter to the editor, with the editorial comment, which has just appeared in the *Nation*, confirms our previous statement, and shows upon what a frail staff Mr. Arnold has been leaning: —

SIR, — I have a friend who is in the habit of saying that when the *Nation* has exhausted every other form of invective, it ends by accusing a man of having no sense of humor. Does not Mr. Matthew Arnold call for this last re-

sort by way of castigation, when he takes the *Nation's* statement, that not one man in a hundred thousand in America changes his shirt more than once a week or eats with a fork, as a piece of statistical information? To which the editor of the *Nation* replies, "We think he does. The statement was a hyperbolic illustration, and as applicable to England as America."

Again, a slight acquaintance with America would have saved Mr. Arnold from promulgating the following piece of nonsense: "An American of reputation as a man of science tells me that he lives in a town of a hundred thousand people, of whom there are not fifty who do not imagine the first chapters of Genesis to be exact history." This statement is on a par with Mr. Hussey Vivian's delightful prescription of a sovereign of the British type, and a House of Lords, as the two things needful to make America perfect.

The unfairness of which we have spoken is exhibited by Mr. Arnold's dexterous adoption of a double position, — that of the familiar Mr. Facing-both-ways. His whole article is in spirit an impeachment of American civilization, — he pokes fun at it, he scolds it, he denounces it; yet all the while he keeps assuring us that he is not really assailing the civilization of America, but is merely "holding a friendly conversation with American lovers of the humane life." So, on the one hand, he quotes a Boston newspaper, the *New York Nation*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, and Mr. Lowell; while, on the other hand, he takes his description of American home life from a town somewhere in the Far West, "not far from Denver," in order, as he tells us, "that it might be evident I was not meaning to describe American civilization, and that Americans might at once be able to say with perfect truth that American civilization is something totally different;" and for a description of an individual whom he has chosen as typical of certain features of American life, he copies a disgusting passage from the Australian *Bathurst Sentinel*. This, we venture to submit, is hardly an ingenuous proceeding. Mr. Arnold is either bringing forward certain charges against American society, or he is not. If he is, the most ordinary fairness requires him to take his examples from the civilized part of America, chiefly the Eastern States, and not from the outskirts of the Union. If he is not, why should he write this "word" of sixteen pages, with all these quotations calculated to throw discredit upon American life? We have a sincere admiration

for Mr. Arnold's scholarship and a profound respect for his taste, and we thankfully acknowledge the many good influences which he has brought to bear upon the thoughtful people of our age; but to see him in this rôle of Mr. Facing-both-ways tends to convince us of the truth of a remark made by Emerson several years ago, viz., that Mr. Arnold was growing too discursive, and that his sweetness and light were becoming as heavy as lead. He has now furnished another example of Emerson's sarcastic statement that "when he speaks directly of the Americans, the islander forgets his philosophy, and remembers his disparaging anecdotes."

The very clever and successful novel "Democracy" is an unfair book, not because it gives false descriptions of American politics, but because it implies that there is no other politics in America than that described in its pages. Amidst all the struggle for offices with their accompanying spoils, there are many upright and courageous men, as well as many who do not hesitate to "play pranks with the interests of forty millions of people." The American record testifies to much high-minded legislation, as well as to much intrigue and knavery. There is even something to be said in mitigation of the horrors of the Guiteau trial. American law has been denounced and ridiculed for the lengths to which it permitted the discussion of the question of Guiteau's insanity to be carried, yet, on the testimony of Dr. Maudsley, it is from America that the first examples of rational treatment of the legal aspects of insanity have come.

The other attacks upon American society are like those with which we have grown familiar. We are told that it is "a community which can barely spare time for sleep and meals," and that its members have "their hats tipped at every angle except the right one, and their feet anywhere but on the floor." The present writer has probably suffered more than most people from the unpleasant habits of American society, its slang and its pomposity, its twang and its tobacco-juice. He has sat for half an hour with the president of the United States, during which time that august personage was chiefly occupied in scrutinizing his own boots; he well remembers being invited to attend church with a Cabinet minister, and on leaving the house finding the young son of the latter playing in the gutter, and hearing him salute his mother with the playful title of "old stick-in-the-mud;" to say nothing of the fact that on entering

the church the cabinet minister and his family filed into their pew, and left their guest standing in the aisle. But, on the other hand, he remembers, as typical incidents of his American life, that a busy stranger stopped in the street to draw a plan on the back of an envelope to guide him through an awkward town; that when he left his purse at home, the first stranger he asked lent him money; that he has seen more drunkards in London in six days than in America in six years; and that it is next to impossible to distinguish an American gentleman from an English gentleman. So, notwithstanding a large experience of its unpleasant side, the writer is confident that America exhibits greater general kindness, more of the politeness which takes trouble and risks discomfort for others, greater regard for the feelings and rights of others, — in short, more of the old *homo sum* spirit, than any of the three greatest countries of Europe. And what is this, after all, but "humanization"?

It is human to fall short of perfection, and we know what would happen to us if every man had his deserts. With regard to America, what is required of us all, from Mr. Matthew Arnold down to the most insignificant *raconteur*, is to discriminate, to have some experience before speaking, to remember our philosophy — especially our philosophy of history — and to forget our disparaging anecdotes.

From The Spectator.

SELFISHNESS.

AMONG the characteristics of our own time which we are inclined to regard with hopefulness, we should reckon the fact that the word we have chosen for our title is exclusively modern. As long as men and women have existed, they must have been tempted to give their own interests too large a proportion of their attention, — to "pass by on the other side," when the wounded fellow-traveller suggested an inconvenient claim; to look at their own needs through a magnifying glass, and at their neighbors' with half-shut eye; to fail, in short, in whatever demands the sacrifice of self. We do not suppose that the temptation varies from age to age; men were more cruel than they are, perhaps they were also more brave than they are, but it is not likely that they were either more or less selfish than they are. Yet the word which

stamps this disproportion in the comparative estimate of each one of us with disapproval, is barely two centuries old. Three hundred years ago a great thinker, usually associated with the world of nature, rather than of man, described that common element in all that divides us from our kind, but could not give it a name. "It is the nature of extreme self-lovers," says Bacon, "as they will set a house on fire and it were but to roast their eggs. . . . It is a poor centre to a man's actions, himself. It is right earth" (let us become Ptolemaists for the nonce, to appreciate a metaphor which thus serves as a landmark of chronology, and also brings in a touch of really noble poetry), "for that only stands fast upon his own centre, whereas all things that have affinity with the heavens move upon the centre of another which they benefit." Bacon, who knew well, alas! what he spoke of, from his own inward experience, had no single word to describe the temptation he here characterizes with the vividness of an initial perception. The idea came in with that strong wave of interest in individual life which has left its high-water mark in the fame of Shakespeare, and of which these contemporary "Essays" are another, and if we are prepared to overlook the enormous difference of scale, a somewhat similar memorial. It belongs to that new secular interest in humanity which heralds the "rights of man," the dreams of a universal brotherhood, and the triumphs of modern democracy, — an interest distinct from the theologic side of our nature, on the one hand, and on the other, from that national, or, to give it a more accurate name, that civil aspect under which the old world, and the modern world, so far as it was influenced by the old world, alone regarded it. Hidden beneath that which specially opposes itself to the *religious* life, and that which specially opposes itself to the *civil* life, this common opponent to all that elevates and binds our race was only named a century after the birth of Shakespeare and Bacon, and for all that nomenclature — no insignificant index to thought — can tell us, it was accepted till then as a natural, inevitable factor in our common humanity.

This interference, from the history of a word, is confirmed by every historic indication of ethical feeling available to us. Where is the circle of the selfish, in the "Purgatorio"? Where is the mean between selfishness, and its opposite excess, whatever that may be, in the "Nicoma-

chean Ethics"? As the attraction of the magnet was known in early times, while that of gravitation, being unremittingly present to observation, was impenetrably hid from thought, so has it been with the constant element in all that divides us from our kind. Alike in the theological and the classic standard, it was absolutely ignored. There was not, in either, any background against which it could become visible. The classic and the theological standard alike fence off a narrow region from the broad domain of humanity, and establish within it a bond which, borrowing something of its strength from the selfish interests of mankind, in part overcomes, and in part undermines, them. Beyond this favored region, on the other hand, no bond exists which selfishness can outrage. "We saw one casting out devils in thy name, and forbade him because he followeth not *us*," "Poeni foedifragi, crudelis Hannibal!" The narrowness of the great Christian apostle and the great Roman moralist have been in our day too often united, and though their sources are distinct, their result is always identical. The more human, the more catholic the thinker, the more striking is this rigidity of limit. Hardly any one so little needs historic feeling for appreciation as does Aristotle. His pages teem with observations which meet our ear with a ring almost as familiar as our own tongue in a foreign land. "To the solitary, life is arduous." How many a life has found its inward experience summed up in those few, simple words! Yet it is not enough to say that Aristotle fails to discern that human duty which would remove the solitude of the solitary, he even leaves no place for it. His scheme of virtue as a mean between two extremes excludes the idea of that root of all that is highest in virtue,—readiness for self-sacrifice. Let us once more return to Bacon. "The desire of power in excess caused the angels to fall," he says, in a passage which recalls at once the words of Shakespeare and of St. Paul; "the desire of knowledge in excess caused man to fall; but in charity there is no excess, neither can angel nor man come in danger by it." It is strange that the echo of St. Paul should come from a cold and worldly man, but not stranger than that it should have been so little enforced by saintly men. For eighteen hundred years the denunciations on which Christians have founded their belief of an endless hell, have reminded them that the awful command, "Depart from me," is ad-

dressed to those who, for all that appears, were guilty of no sin but selfishness. No crime is alleged against them, no denial of their master and judge,—nothing but that they have witnessed need, and left it unrelieved.

It is only in our own age that men have awakened to the *distortion* in that character which finds its centre in self. The eighteenth century was in truth a most important stage in the movement we speak of, but, nevertheless, there is, in its most characteristic writers, what we may call a certain patronage of all self-centred feeling. It was wearied with the struggles of its predecessor, and anxious, above all things, to withdraw within the entrenchments of the indisputable. Whatever else was to be questioned, there was no doubt at all that every one was strongly interested in his own welfare, and none but an enthusiast would imperil this certainty by any admission of a *natural* rival to the self. Listen, for instance, to the thinker of that day oftenest quoted in our own. "In general," says Hume, "we may observe that whatever we call *heroic virtue*, and admire under the character of greatness and elevation of mind, is either nothing but a steady and well-established pride and self-esteem, or partakes largely of that passion." The extract seems to us the expression of a low moral nature, but it is also the characteristic utterance of an age which yet, as far as the tendency of literature goes, may be called more moral than our own. We may trace the influence of this feeling in the words of those whose actions it least influenced. It is very evident in the life of that time best known to us, and known as one of the most unselfish lives that ever were spent in sadness and discomfort. While Johnson fills his house with those of whom it might truly be said, "they cannot recompense thee," he grows very contemptuous if he is asked to make room for disinterested kindness in his theory of the universe. There are no more people, we fear, who would exhibit his disinterested kindness now than there were then, but there are so many more whose theory of life now demands it, that we might almost say there are none beside. With us, every department of life, even politics, which it has least influenced, is colored by the conviction that the selfish life is not only the *lower* life, but the *wrong* life. Perhaps, indeed, we may trace the last relics of the old feeling in a lingering reluctance to admit that whatever else patriotism may be, it must, if it is to have

any value at all, be something different from corporate selfishness. The change thus measured is an enormous step onward in the moral life of our race. May we say that the progress is unmixed gain? Or must we once again repeat the melancholy lesson of experience, that what has been gained in one direction is lost in another?

Certainly not, if this confession is to imply, as in the physical world, that the loss and gain are equal. There is no possible loss which does not leave us richer if, as we incur it, we are taught that life for the self alone is not life. But, perhaps, we have not made so great an advance towards this goal without some receding from what may be termed its polar virtue. It may be that we have not been able to see the full claims of all to love that is not preference (to describe unselfishness in cumbrous words, which yet express it more truly than a mere negative word), without some loss of distinctness in our recognition of the claims of truth. What we mean by calling them polar virtues may best be recognized, perhaps, by a different approach.

In comparing one race with another, we all feel that selfishness is not a characteristic of race. But this observation suggests one striking exception to its general drift. You may say one person is more selfish than another, but you may not say this of any group of persons till you come to the very largest into which you can divide the personal world. It is not easy to make any generalization about men and women, for every one is either a man or a woman, and knows his or her own sex in a different manner and a different degree from what he does the opposite; but we think the general opinion may, in this case, be taken as its own justification; and it appears to us that in some respects this great distinction exhibits what we mean by the antithesis of truth and of charity, or of what we have called the non-preferential element in love. Men are about as much more true than women, as women are more unselfish than men. We do not mean that if you could reckon up all the lies that are told in a year, you would find that the greater number had a female origin. When it comes to conscious deceit, we should suppose that men and women were pretty much alike. We mean that a man's words and thoughts ordinarily stand in a much closer relation to life than a woman's do, and that to some extent this explains his being much less ready to make

sacrifices than a woman is. For the habit of assuming any excellence has opposite effects, according to the gap between our moral position and that excellence. We actually widen the chasm, if it be already so wide that the profession must be called false. But sincere words are actions; and in professing a readiness for self-denial, even without knowing fully what it is, we may, to some extent, approach it. It is not impossible to imagine a person bound over to a self-sacrificing life by professions that might be called unreal. Every human being must discover, when it comes to the point, that the expectation of surrendering the pleasant things of life, without reluctance or difficulty, is mere ignorance of what sacrifice means; but an engagement to betray no reluctance or difficulty may possibly tend to diminish these feelings, unless they be very great. And, in fact, there is a good deal of this kind of unselfishness among women, — faithfulness, we mean, to an ideal that is to some extent illusory. "In a matter so utterly insignificant as anything personal to oneself," as we once heard said, by a brilliant and cultivated woman, "one would not, of course, think it worth while to hesitate." The life, long since concluded, was not by any means in such glaring contradiction with that piece of fantastic morality as we should be apt to imagine. And perhaps many of the inconsistencies we find in complex human nature may be explained by remembering that it is not impossible that both these effects should be found in the same person, so that at one moment a woman should be more unselfish because she has put herself in a position in which self-sacrifice is a necessity, and that the next moment her natural impulses should yet rush back upon her with a rebound, and her professed readiness to share a crust with her husband, should no more suggest *any* sacrifice of her wishes to his, than the sight of "your obedient servant" at the end of a letter suggests the discharge of some menial office. In that fluctuating ebb and flow which we know as character, the influence of exaggerated professions may tend *both* to weaken and to strengthen our moral life, and none but the eye that reads all hearts can discern which influence is to give the ultimate bias to the spirit which feels both.

Now, it happens to us that, to some extent, the elevation of unselfishness to the position which it occupies in the assumption of the day has had this double effect on our theories of morality. On its ele-

vating power we need not dwell. In discarding the opinion of a former time that, after all, every one had a *right* to be selfish, our age has made an ethical gain as great as the intellectual gain which Newton brought his age by the discovery of gravitation. But it is vain to deny that the shadow follows the substance. We will point out two directions in which we consider that the moral theory of the day is hurt by the assumption that selfishness is unnatural. The first is the theory of utilitarianism, as modified by J. S. Mill. He had, of course, no difficulty in proving that virtue in this man and that woman was part of a process which was necessary for the happiness of the human race, but he only makes out his theory by taking it for granted that the further question, "What is to make this man and that woman sacrifice his or her happiness for the sake of other people?" hardly needs any answer at all. They could have no object *but* happiness, according to his view, only it might be some one else's happiness, and not their own. To prefer the happiness of others to one's own appears to us to involve the secret of goodness, and a theory which professes to analyze goodness into something else, if you will only grant this, recalls the trick of the alchemists, who hid a lump of gold in the compound from which they professed to extract it. Mr. Mill denied emphatically that goodness could be an end in itself; nothing but pleasure, he says, *can* be an aim to such beings as we are, but that kind of goodness which is necessary in order to make any other possible, may be acquired and transmitted, simply by reflecting for ourselves, and teaching our children, that the human race is a unity. The belief seems to us a curious reproduction in the world of thought of what we would call the woman's mistake,—the idea that that sacrifice of the lower nature to the higher which *seems* self-denial may become a welcome opportunity for the expression of the superior strength of the higher nature. Human experience is a melancholy confutation of such expectations. "Remember," a husband might often say, "the day when you told me that to share a crust with me was enough for your happiness. I do not go within a hundred miles of asking you to share a crust with me,—I want you simply not to keep a carriage. Surely, the greater sacrifice includes the less." The wife who made these ardent professions, if years have taught her self-knowledge and sincerity, might answer:

LIVING AGE. VOL. XXXIX. 2016

"What I then said was true. I *was* ready to share a crust with you. I should have liked rushing into a new kind of life, with you as my grateful adorer. I do not like bringing these entangling limitations into the commonplace life, with you as at best no more than my satisfied critic, and in fact I discover that I was not ready to sacrifice my likings at all. When I renounced my old life for you, I did not contemplate the possibility that I should ever wish one thing, and you another."

Our failure to acknowledge that although the *true* life is unselfish, the *natural* life is not, has another aspect, which we can only point out in the briefest allusion. It may be expressed in the moral formula of a sect which finds nothing divine above humanity, "Live for others." The error was long since touched on by the wise thinker and unwise actor from whom we have already borrowed so much wisdom. "Beware," says Bacon, in a different essay from that we have already cited, but on the same subject—a strong proof of the large space it occupied in his mind—"beware how in making the portraiture, thou breakest the pattern, for divinity maketh the love of ourselves the pattern, the love of others but the portraiture." The danger is not, as it may seem, an imaginary one. The husband who wishes for himself a life of disinterested speculation, while he desires for his wife merely one of elegant luxury, the mother who wishes for herself a life of quiet duty, and for her daughter a brilliant position in the world of fashion, may both persuade themselves that they are living for another; but none who choose the high life for themselves, and the low for their neighbor, have any claim to fulfil the command to love the neighbor *as the self*. This readiness to share all of life but what is best in it is the danger of the strong. The temptation of the love that looks downward is always to divorce its love and its aspiration, to find some lower platform on which it may meet the object of care, while the arduous effort to draw this one upwards and share the higher life is thus avoided. And whether it be more dangerous for the strong to abdicate the responsibilities of strength, or the weak to forget the dangers of weakness, we need not endeavor to decide, for both will happen at the same time.

The remedy for these dangers is to be found in a deeper self-knowledge. Let it not be thought that we are prescribing a trivial remedy for a serious disease. Self-knowledge means the power of self-sur-

render, for none can give up what he does not possess; and even to seek to lose our *self*, we must have known it. If it seem a poor thing to know our *selves*, it is because we have forgotten that none can know himself who knows not another than himself. Our own nature can be revealed to us only when we are transplanted beyond it. The depths within are always made clear by some light reflected from another soul, and can be fully illuminated only by that light which is not reflected, and which shines from the *other* of every human soul, the true complement of our common humanity.

From The Spectator.

"THE BURNOUS OF THE PROPHET."

THERE are those who tell us that Cairo, even if it escape the evil chances of war, must inevitably yield to the influence of Western civilization — which is not of a beautifying tendency — and become as commonplace as Venice will be, when the "City of Song" has been put to rights, and accommodated with quays. The traveller of the future, directing the course of the most recent representative of Prince Hassan's carpet — whereon who is there that has not longed to lay him down, and be carried to the Beautiful Isles? — will most likely find even Tunis metamorphosed by the process which will be republican French for Haussmannization. But while "the old robber's den, Tunis, the whitest of all African towns, 'the Burnous of the Prophet,' as the devout Arabian calls it," remains unchanged, it is a sight well worth seeing. All writers tell of the beauty of the gulf on whose shores lie the ruins of Carthage. Little isles with rocks towering high above the blue waves protect it against the raging storms of the open sea, and a chain of picturesque mountains frames the water towards the east; while westward the banks slope gradually, showing far, far away the mist-swept peaks of the last spurs of the Atlas. In the background of the gulf, on one of the dark heights, rises the city, which has so fierce a history and so fanciful a name; shaped like an extended burnous, with its citadel, the Kasba, for the hood. Seen from the sea, Tunis, as the Chevalier de Hesse-War-tegg describes it, lacks nothing that actual beauty and historical association can lend to satisfy the gazer. From among the far-stretching crowd of dazzlingly white

houses, surrounded by the mighty walls, rise the menacing Kasba, and numberless domes and minarets. On a flat sandbank at the foot of the city lies Goletta; the coast on either side is covered with white villas, to which large pleasure-gardens, orangeries, and olive-groves are attached. Here and there, but, on the whole, sparingly, the date-tree — true "note" of African landscape — soars above all. Such is the actual aspect of Tunis; and on the coast, in the midst of this fair scene, rise two bare, mournful mounds to record two momentous struggles and tremendous defeats, the triumph of Rome and that of Islam; one marks the ruins of Carthage, the other the place of sepulture of St. Louis, king of France. To the east of the narrow strip of land on which the town extends lies a great salt lake, El Bahireh, the dwelling-place of a bird population. What a picture that must be, formed by the long lines of camels journeying along the bank with their Arab guides, and the innumerable multitude of pelicans and flamingoes among the reeds and in the salt-scummed water; their plumage of white, and all the shades of red, from pale pink to rich crimson, showing out under the cloudless blue African sky! Very beautiful, seen from the sea, is the old stronghold of war, palace intrigue, murderous deeds, and prosperous piracy; and although its magnificence and wealth are of the past, it cannot be disappointing to explore the Tunis of to-day, of which it is said: "The people have remained the same, and they have preserved the primitive originality of their customs and usages, from the state of constant hostility to the surrounding tribes in which they live. In Tunis we shall see, therefore, a part of the purely genuine Orient, a bulwark of the Middle Ages reaching dark and threatening into modern times." The perfect expression of Mahomedan life is afforded by Tunis, when the town of the Franks is passed and one penetrates into the town of the Moors, through one of five little streets leading up from the Marina (where Western life is represented by Italian coffee-houses), the widest of which is just broad enough to admit one carriage, while in the others three foot-passengers can hardly walk abreast. The narrowest and dirtiest of these streets lead to the Jews' quarters, chiefly distinguished for dirt. The wretchedness of the Ghetto forms a strange contrast to the growing importance of the Jewish population, which is supplanting the Arabs in trade and indus-

try so fast, that it will soon be the more important element all along the coast. In the Ghetto, "the streets are, after every fifty or one hundred steps, blocked by walls or houses, the latter having no numbers nor the streets names. The inhabitants leave their houses rarely, and then only to go to a synagogue, or to see a friend close by. There are others who do not leave their houses for years, who live and die where they have been born, without ever entering the Arabian part or the Marina." When, having ascended to the Kasba, one looks down from the outer walls, grand even in decay, over the majestic Moorish town, following the maze of the thousand lanes and passages that compose it, and gazing on the multitude of domes, snow-white and dark-green, above the great expanse of houses clustering down to the sea, with the tall minarets towering above it all, one's glance falls on a quarter in which there is the mere monotony of crowded dwellings, without dome, mosque, or turret, or even a tree to break it. That quarter is the Ghetto. The Arab quarter is not much less dreary, though the streets are wider, for the houses have only a ground-floor, no windows, and the doors are always shut; but the scene is full of strange features, and well worth studying, before the grand quarter, that of the Dar-el-Bey, is reached. Here are numbers of mosques — there are five hundred in Tunis — bazaars, barracks; khans crowded with heavily-packed camels and mules; silent streets, where now and then a muffled woman slips by; noisy lanes, "where you are either pushed about or carried forward, and where you are in danger of getting under the feet of a camel, which, with its bale of goods, takes up the breadth of the little street, while slowly and solemnly stalking towards you." One may enter a dozen well-paved streets, that all get narrower and darker, until they are closed by a high house in ruins or by a barred and bolted gate; and if one sits down to rest on a stone, one may be beaten and pelted, because it is the tombstone of a saint, and have to run from enraged fanatics. "Some of the houses," a recent traveller tells us, "are bedaubed with the most primitive drawings of wild animals, plants, or houses, at which a wild fellow, half-naked, works, as we pass; he jumps up at us as if he were mad, and is only kept back with trouble by his co-religionists; he is a saint, which in Tunis is equivalent to a fool. Walking on, we come to wide-open gates, through which

we scan spacious courts, with rows of columns; but scarcely do we put our first step leading there, than some Arabs, who are lingering about, drive us back with screams; we have approached a mosque, inaccessible to Europeans." With these and other strange features of this typical Mahomedan city, the grand quarter of the Dar-el-Bey contrasts finely. Here is a great square, with a well-kept garden, planted with palm and almond trees; a bazaar, where the merchants congregate, and over which is raised a mosque, covered with fine sculptures and an hexagonal minaret of yellow sandstone; on the third side is the Kasba, on the fourth the stately front of the bey's palace, with a couple of ragged soldiers at the gate, occupied in knitting or basket-making. Near this square stand the palaces of centuries ago, desolate indeed, but still magnificent. "I found," says the Chevalier de Hesse-Wartegg, "many houses in which the colonnades were marble monoliths, with splendid capitals, evidently taken from that great quarry which lies in the immediate neighborhood, where the building-stones are ready cut, and beautifully ornamented, — Carthage. This ancient town was such a fruitful field for the Tunisians, that in every second house are found Roman stones, with inscriptions or sculptures, parts of columns and capitals. If Tunis were destroyed, her ruins would be the ruins of Carthage!" The palaces of the bey are splendid and incongruous; the Bardo, an hour from the capital, is a fine sample of Oriental architecture and decoration, spoiled by Parisian upholstery and vulgar European carpets. Dar-el-Bey, his only town residence, is magnificent and neglected; his real abode is in a separate building, walled, and standing in a garden, near the Bardo. He goes to the Bardo once a week, to sit in judgment on his subjects, and receive the ambassadors and consuls of the great powers; and then there is a brief stir, and the court presents a stately picture. "It is, however, only an external brilliancy, and it cannot deceive the visitor as to the misery reigning within the Moorish empire. Mahomed Es Sadock Pasha Bey is an amiable enough prince, by all accounts, fond of children, but childless, and very simple in his habits. He has only one wife, and though he pays her a formal visit of an hour's duration at her castle every day, he rarely sees her, as the hour of his visit is generally one appointed for devotion, and on his arrival he goes to a small room in the palace to pray.

He is supposed to know nothing of the management of his possessions; before him all is splendor, behind his back all is desolate ruin. Whichever of his palaces he shall die in will be dismantled and left to decay, for a bey must not live in a palace in which a predecessor has died. "None of them has had himself transported into the street on death approaching, and there are more than a dozen palaces in Tunis to-day which cannot be used by the beys. A melancholy example of this absurd custom is Mahomedia, once the magnificent residence of Achmet Bey, who had it built thirty-five years ago, at a cost of ten million francs. This palace, with its secondary buildings and villas for ministers and dignitaries, was situated two miles out of town; and when Achmet Bey died, the furniture was moved, the floors, glazed tiles, doors and windows, were broken out, and dragged to another palace. The heavy marble columns, statues, the curbs of the wells, etc., remained behind with the walls, and he who passes those imposing ruins to-day might think thousands of years had passed over them. The hand of the Arab destroys thus in our day, in the midst of peace, as his ancestors, the Vandals, did centuries ago, only in time of war! So much for Oriental culture!"

The population of Tunis is a chaos of nations, costumes, grades, and classes. "Society" is represented by the Mamelukes, who in reality are Greeks and Syrians; the Moors form the middle class, the women are absolutely invisible, except when they visit the bazaar which furnishes the beautiful and luxurious articles of their attire; and even then, they are so muffled up that no notion can be formed of what they are like. Moorish ladies are said to be entirely uneducated, without an idea of reading, writing, or music; and so strict is their seclusion that no man can invite male guests to enter his dwelling,—he must receive them "in the gate." There is no social life; the men meet at the bazaar. The jewel bazaar is entirely in the hands of the Jews; perfumes and spices are sold by the pale, handsome, grand-looking Moors. It would take volumes to describe the bazaars, and the wonderful wares they contain, the astonishing results that are produced by the skill, the patience, and the untiring perseverance of the race that knows nothing at all about competition or the envy of trade. "It happened to me several times," says the Chevalier de Hesse-Wartegg, "that a dealer had not got what I wanted. He

went to his neighbor, and brought from his shop the article asked for. When I asked him whether it was his property, or if he had a share in it, he always said, '*Kif, kif*.' It is the same, whether you buy here or there."

Who shall depict the street life of Tunis, with its variety of race, color, and costume? It severely taxes the imagination of us Westerns, who hardly know what color means, to picture a crowd with the great majority of the individuals composing it dressed, being Moors, in the following costume: "The turbans are sometimes white, sometimes yellow, flowered, and always carefully wound; the jackets are short, and embroidered, the wide trousers full of folds, there is a colored sash round the body. Then they (the Moors) wear a light cloak of thin silk round their shoulders; their feet, covered with the whitest of stockings, are put into slippers of red or yellow leather; the handkerchief, tied by a corner to the cloak, hangs in front; a rose behind the right ear, and a cane with a silver button, completes this dress." Then there are the red-turbaned Moors, Hadji or Mecca pilgrims; the shereefs, or descendants of the Prophet, green-turbaned; the kadis, with white turbans, in closer folds; the Jews in darker attire, and dark-blue or black turbans; the Bedouins, in their white-hooded burnouses; the Kabyle women, who only are unveiled; negresses, and women from Malta and Greece. There can be few stranger subjects of contemplation on the face of the earth than the aspect of "the Burnous of the Prophet."

From Nature.

KOREAN ETHNOLOGY.

AT a recent interview with Mr. Charles Marvin, M. Semenoff, vice-president of the Russian Geographical Society, remarked that "every annexation in central Asia is a source of satisfaction to our scientific men. Fresh fields are opened up for research, and all this must naturally be of interest to persons devoted to science." Some such thoughts will probably have occurred to most ethnologists on hearing that Korea has at last broken through the barriers of exclusiveness, and concluded commercial treaties both with England and the United States. Foreigners will doubtless for some time be restricted to the three treaty ports thrown open on the

eastern and southern coasts, and to Seoul, the capital, where British and American political agents will reside. But the opportunities thus afforded of studying the interesting inhabitants of this region cannot fail to be gradually extended, until the whole peninsula becomes accessible to scientific exploration. Meantime a few notes on the ethnical relations of the people to their neighbors will probably be acceptable to the readers of *Nature*.

The term *Korea*, now applied to the whole peninsula, was originally restricted to the northern state of *Korŭi*, the Chinese and Japanese forms of which were *Kaoli* and *Korai* respectively. With the fusion of *Korŭi*, *Petsi*, *San-kan*, *Kudara*, and all the other petty States into the present monarchy about the end of the fourteenth century, the name of the northern and most important of these principalities was extended by Japanese writers to the whole country, while the monarchy itself, at that time subject to China, took the official Chinese title of *Chaosien* (*Tsiosen*), or "Serenity of the Morning," in reference to its geographical position between the continent and Japan, the "Land of the Rising Sun." For the inhabitants themselves there seems to have been no recognized general name, although those of the southern division were commonly designated in Japanese history by the expression *Kmaso*, or "Herd of Bears," yet to the people thus contemptuously spoken of, the natives of the archipelago were indebted for a knowledge of phonetic writing, for their peculiar Buddhism, for their porcelain and some other industries. Political relations had been established between the two countries certainly before the third century of the new era, when a large portion of the peninsula was reduced by the queen regent *Zingu*. Since then the political ascendancy has oscillated between China and Japan, and the substantial independence hitherto preserved by the Seoul government must be mainly attributed to the rivalry of its powerful neighbors.

The Korean race is commonly regarded as a branch of the Mongolic stock. But it really seems to have resulted from the fusion of two distinct elements, the Mongolic and Caucasian, the former no doubt predominating. These are probably the *Sien-pi* and *San-han* of Chinese writers, from whose union the present inhabitants are said to have sprung. The *San-han* (*San-kan*, or "Three Kan") prevailed in the central parts, and were apparently

Mongols, while the *Sien-pi*, numerous especially in the south, are, perhaps, the above-mentioned *Kmaso* of the Japanese historians, representing the fair type, whose presence is attested by overwhelming evidence.* These *Kmaso* made frequent predatory excursions in very ancient times to *Kiusiu* and *Hondo*, even forming permanent settlements on several parts of the coast. It is probable that they also reached the *Riu-kiu* (*Lu-Chu*) archipelago, and thus may the presence be explained of a certain fair element in Japan itself, and especially in the *Riu-kiu* group.

The Caucasian seem to have preceded the Mongol tribes in the peninsula. But they were gradually outnumbered and largely absorbed by the yellow stock, owing to constant migrations, especially from the Chinese provinces of *Pechili* and *Shantung*, throughout the fourth and fifth centuries of the vulgar era. It is also to be noted, that with every revolution or change of dynasty in China, the leaders of the defeated party usually took refuge with their followers in Korea. The Mongol stock was thus continually fortified, while the stream of Caucasian migration had ceased to flow from prehistoric times. Hence it is not surprising to find that the prevailing type is now distinctly Mongoloid. Of the nine or ten million inhabitants of the peninsula, probably five-sixths may be described as distinguished by broad and rather flat features, high cheek-bones, slightly oblique black eyes, small nose, thick lips, black and lank hair, sparse beard, yellowish or coppery complexion. The rest, representing the original Caucasian element, are characterized by rounded or oval features, large nose, light complexion, delicate skin, chestnut or brown hair, blue eyes, full beard. Between the two extremes there naturally occur several intermediate shades, all of which

* The language of Ernst Oppert is conclusive on this point: "Unter den vielen Tausenden, die mir während meiner Reisen im Lande zu Gesicht gekommen, habe ich sehr viele von so edeln und charaktervollem Gesichtsausdruck gefunden, dass man sie, wären sie nach unserer Sitte gekleidet gewesen, für Europäer hätte halten können. Auch unter den Kindern war eine grosse Anzahl durch ihre schönen regelmässigen Züge und rosige Hautfarbe, ihr blondes Haar und die blauen Augen so auffällig, dass sie von Europäischen Kindern kaum zu unterscheiden waren, und ich mich des Eindrucks ihrer Abstammung von Europäern nicht zu erwehren vermochte, bis bei weiterem Eindringen ins Land diese Erscheinung eine sehr häufige und alltägliche wurde und diese zuerst gefasste Ansicht als irrig zurückgewiesen werden musste." (Reisen Nach Korea. Leipzig, 1881, p. 8.) However untrustworthy this writer may be in other respects, his evidence on this question may be unhesitatingly accepted, agreeing as it does with that of so many other observers.

serve to explain the contradictory accounts of the missionaries and travellers speaking from actual observation, but generally ignorant of the original constituent elements and ethnical relations of the natives. All, however, agree in describing them as taller and more robust than the Chinese and Japanese, while fully equal to them in intelligence and moral qualities. They are a simple, honest, good-natured people, very frank, laborious, and hospitable, although hitherto compelled by their exclusive laws to treat strangers with suspicion and an outward show of unfriendliness. That this unfriendliness is merely assumed through fear of the authorities is abundantly evident from Capt. Basil Hall's account of his intercourse with the natives of the islands on the west coast.

Polygamy, although permitted, is little practised, in this respect resembling their peculiar Buddhism. But while some consideration is shown for the women, to whom the streets are given up in the evening, the gods are treated with the greatest contempt and indifference. In many towns there are no temples, nor even any domestic shrines. The images of gods and saints are mere wooden blocks set up like landmarks by the wayside, and inferior as works of art to the idols of the Polynesians. When one of these divinities gets blown down or rots away, it becomes the sport of the children, who amuse themselves by kicking it about amid the jeers and laughter of their elders. The religious sentiment, which may be said to culminate on the Tibetan plateau, seems to fade away west and east as it descends towards the Atlantic and Pacific seaboard.

Formerly masters of the Japanese in many arts, the Koreans at present cultivate few industries beyond the weaving and dyeing of linens and cottons, and the preparation of paper from the pulp of the *Brussonetia papyrifera*. Silks and tea are imported from China and Japan, and the exports to those countries have hitherto been mainly restricted to rice, raw silk, peltries, paper, tobacco, and ginseng.

But for the Chinese influences, which are of comparatively recent date, the speech of the Koreans would betray few indications of their mixed origin. Here as elsewhere the primeval languages have refused to intermingle; the Caucasian has perished, the Mongolic alone surviving. But the dispersion took place at such a remote period that, beyond a general

morphological resemblance, few traces can now be detected of any fundamental unity of speech between the Koreans and the surrounding Mongoloid peoples. Like the Manchu, Mongolian, and Japanese, the Korean is a polysyllabic, agglutinating and untoned language, with a rich phonetic system, including as many as fourteen vowels and several gutturals and aspirates. In structure and vocabulary it seems to approach nearest to the Japanese, with which W. G. Aston has compared it.*

The national writing system is purely phonetic, consisting of a syllabic alphabet of great antiquity, but unknown origin. It is probably an offshoot of the common alphabetic system formerly diffused throughout east Asia and Malaysia, and scattered members of which are still found amongst the Lolo and Mosso of southwest China, the Tagalas and Bisayans of the Philippine Archipelago, the Korinchi, Rejangs, and Lampungs of Sumatra, and the Dravidians of southern India. In Korea, however, the literati use the Chinese ideographic system exclusively, leaving the despised native writing to women and children. This alphabet may be seen in the first volume of Dallet's "*Histoire de l'Eglise de Corée*," which has hitherto been almost our only authority on the subject of the Korean language and literature. Last year, however, a large Korean-French dictionary and a Korean grammar in French were published in Tokio. There is also a "Korean Reader," by Ross (Shanghai, 1879), which the writer has not seen.

A. H. KEANE.

* "It seems probable that the distance which separates Japanese from Korean is not greater than that which lies between English and Sanskrit. . . . Everything considered we may regard them as equally closely allied with the most remotely connected members of the Aryan family." (Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society for August, 1879.) In this awkwardly worded sentence the writer does not mean to say that Japanese and Korean are allied to Aryan, but that they are as nearly related to each other as are the most remotely connected members of the Aryan family to each other.

From The Economist.
THE POWER OF ACCUMULATION IN
SMALL SUMS.

THE power of accumulation from the gradual growth of small sums has rarely been shown in a more forcible manner than in a return recently published, which gives the amount of fractions of a penny on dividends of the national debt now

lying in the hands of the Bank of England. The manner in which this sum has grown up is as follows: As every dividend has fallen due, the full amount has been issued by the exchequer to the bank. In dividing this sum out to the various recipients, the bank has never paid the fundholder the fractions below a penny. The bank has thus always had a somewhat larger sum paid to it than it has paid out. But, as the sum, however small, did not belong to it, the bank has, ever since it has had charge of payments on account of the national debt, like a faithful steward, taken charge of these fractions on behalf of its employers.

This process has thus been going on ever since the national debt began, and the accumulation had attained by March 31, 1882, the respectable sum of more than 143,000*l*. The largest item in the account, as might be expected, is from consols, but even the 2½ per cent. stock has contributed a small amount. It is now proposed to take power to write this as unclaimed amount off. The figures are as follows:—

ACCOUNT OF FRACTIONS OF A PENNY accumulated in the hands of the GOVERNOR and COMPANY of the BANK of ENGLAND to 31st March, 1882.

	£	s.	d.
Consolidated 3½ per Cent. Annuities	80,997	1	9
Reduced 3½ per Cent. Annuities	15,068	5	11
New 3½ per Cent. Annuities	4,289	11	7
2½ 10s. per Cent. Annuities, 1854	37	9	4
New 3½ 10s. per Cent. Annuities, 1854	6	5	0
Annuities for 30 years, ending 1885	7	15	11
Annuities for terms of years	36	2	11
Red Sea and India Telegraph Annuity	0	10	8
New 5½ per Cent. Annuities, 1830	13	4	7
5½ per Cent. Annuities (Consolidated)	6,557	7	0
4½ per Cent. Annuities (Consolidated), 1780	1,359	9	0
3½ per Cent. Annuities, 1726	1,429	9	7
3½ 10s. per Cent. Annuities, 1818	10,595	19	8
4½ per Cent. Annuities, 1826	49	0	2
3½ 10s. per Cent. Reduced Annuities, 1824	797	15	4
New 4½ per Cent. Annuities, 1822	2,231	13	4
New 3½ 10s. per Cent. Annuities, 1830	3,872	12	4
Amount carried forward	127,349	14	1

	£	s.	d.
Amount brought forward	127,349	14	1
3½ 5s. per Cent. Annuities, 1844	3,204	5	11
Consolidated Long Annuities, 1780	127	19	0
Sundry balances of old annuities	12,590	12	2
	143,272	11	2

Another account contained in the same statement requires some explanation. The amount of the dividends is paid on a fixed day by the exchequer to the bank, but the fundholders do not all take what is due to them with the same punctuality. Many dividends are received by London bankers through powers of attorney. Some, and an increasing number, we believe, are remitted through the comparatively recent adoption of dividend warrants sent by the post. But many fundholders still prefer to receive their dividends in person. There are always persons of a secretive nature, who do not like other people to know anything about their affairs. They do not like to entrust others with a power of attorney, and, in consequence, they leave their dividends till it is convenient to them to come and call for them. Some of these persons may come once a year, some, we believe, even at longer intervals. The outstanding balance of unclaimed dividends, hence, of course varies very much. It is very large immediately after the dividend becomes due, and gradually diminishes towards the end of the term. The amount outstanding in this manner is smaller now than it used to be some years since. In former days, when communication was less rapid and easy than it is at present, the dividends were not claimed as quickly as they are now, and a heavy amount was always outstanding. The government naturally desired to make use of these sums, considering that it had the right to do so, till they were claimed by the persons to whom they belonged. Power was, therefore, taken in an act of Parliament in the time of George III., in 1791, to lend the government half-a-million of the amount. A further authority was also taken a few years later, in 1808, by the government to borrow back another half million if the fund disposable would admit it. It was never large enough to permit as much as this sum to be advanced, but 376,739*l*.—making with the former advance 876,739*l*. in all—was lent in this manner to the government. Of recent years, as the dividends have been, as we explained pre-

vously, taken up more rapidly by the fundholders, the government has had to pay back 120,000*l.* of this loan to the bank, as is described in the return. In time it will probably have to repay more. The figures of the transactions as they stand in the return must be taken in connection with those of the accumulated fractions of a penny on the dividends of the national debt mentioned above, which must be deducted from them. They would accordingly if that amount had been written off have stood on 31st March, 1882, as 706,100*l.* 5*s.* 11*d.* The whole transaction is in the nature of a book entry between the government and the bank, as the same figures have to be written off from the corresponding entry on the other side; but the magnitude of the transaction renders it one which it is advisable to explain. The accounts of dividends dealt with in this manner are entirely separate from the unclaimed dividends on the national debt. When dividends have not been claimed for more than ten years consecutively, both the unclaimed dividends and the stock on which they have accrued are made over to the commissioners for the national debt till the rightful owner comes forward and makes out his claim to them; but these sums are not in any way included in the return which follows, and which refers only to the floating balances between the times when each half-yearly dividend becomes due. The transaction is exactly as if a person keeping a large account with his bankers, and drawing a great many cheques on it, found by experience that it was a long while before all these cheques were presented for payment, and in consequence, made use of the floating balance in his own business.

ACCOUNT OF SUMS BORROWED by the GOVERNMENT ON FLOATING BALANCES OF DIVIDENDS ON THE NATIONAL DEBT in the hands of the GOVERNOR and COMPANY of the BANK OF ENGLAND to 31st March, 1882.

	£	s.	d.
Excess on 31st March, 1882, of issues out of the Exchequer to the Governor and Company of the Bank of England for payment of dividends beyond the sums paid			849,372 17 1
Amount repaid by the Bank of England to the Exchequer in 1791 under 31 Geo. 3, c. 33, and in 1808 under 41 Geo. 3, c. 4, be-			

ing amount appropriated out of surplus balances of dividend accounts	£876,739 0 9	
Less — Issues to the Bank in 1877–8, 1879–80, and 1880–81, under 24 Vict., c. 3	120,000 0 0	
Net repayment by the Bank	756,739 0 9	
Cash balance in the hands of the Bank of England on 31st March, 1882, available for payment of dividends		92,633 16 4

From Chambers' Journal.

PAPER AND PINE-APPLE FIBRE.

THE variety of purposes which paper can be made to serve is every day increasing. A few of the latest of these are worth mention. It appears that thick paper and cardboard can be rendered as hard and horny as papier-mâché by means of a kind of cement called Chinese varnish, which is easily prepared from blood, lime, and alum. With four parts of slaked lime and a little alum are mixed three parts of fresh blood well beaten up. The thick-flowing mixture that results is, we are informed, at once ready for application to paper or card.

Amongst the curiosities of the late Australian exhibition is stated to have been a house entirely constructed from paper, containing carpets, curtains, dishes, and what not, all made of the same useful material. Whether the dishes aforesaid were similar to the plates and dishes made in Germany, we cannot say; but in that country, we are informed, platters are being manufactured from sawdust and paper in the following manner: Selected plane shavings are bound into bundles, and steeped in a bath of weak gelatine solution about twenty-four hours, then dried, and cut into suitable lengths. Plates are cut of strong paper or thin pasteboard of the size of the objects to be produced. These are moistened with a liquid consisting of weak gelatine solution with sodium water-glass, and pressed in heated metallic moulds. After drying, the pressed paper objects are coated on both sides with an adhesive material made of five parts Russian gelatine, and one part thick turpentine; the shavings are

applied to them, and the whole is subjected to pressure. (Wood-shavings alone would, because of their unequal thickness, present uneven surfaces.) The objects are now cut, if necessary, dried, and varnished.

In a former number of this journal, mention was made of the dome of an observatory having been constructed of paper compressed to the hardness of wood. If buildings can be satisfactorily roofed with what is usually considered so frail a substance, it is not surprising to learn that hats and umbrellas can be made from the same material, a paper of extraordinary fineness and strength being said to furnish the people in the Corea with both of those useful articles.

Talking of dress equipment, a writer in the *Theatre* mentions having seen in Paris a magnificent stage costume enriched with the loveliest lace he ever beheld. In his own words: "The dress was displayed on account of that lace; and that lace was worth, perhaps, twenty-five francs; for it was paper, wonderfully stamped, and represented trains of fuchsias, and looked just as much a piece of real lace as a Paris diamond by night looks an old mine gem. Parisian actresses wear that paper lace a great deal; it is tough, soft, and very effective. To wear a costly lot of lace which may be ruined in a night, when very cheap lace-paper looks as well, is considered the height of folly by intelligent foreigners."

Other triumphs in the way of utilizing paper may safely be predicted. By some enterprising Americans at least, the time is thought not far distant when yachts, lighter, swifter, and stancher than any craft yet built, will astonish the maritime world. Not very long ago, a citizen of the United States made a journey of over two thousand miles in a paper canoe, built for him by a firm in New York. The total weight of the canoe was only fifty-eight pounds; and for strength, durability, and elasticity, could not, they say, be surpassed. The paper skin, after being water-proofed, was finished with hard varnishes, and then presented a solid and perfectly smooth surface to the action of the water, unbroken by joint, lap, or seam. Unlike wood, it has no grain to be cracked or split; and paper being one of the best non-conductors, boats of this kind appear to be admirably adapted—which cannot be said of steel or iron—for use in all climates. The surface, polished like a coach-panel, never shrinks or absorbs moisture. Once employed by boat-build-

ers, the conclusion naturally suggests itself, that some day a new and hitherto unsuspected meaning may attach to the proverbial phrase of a "paper war."

Apodos of our subject, it may not be uninteresting to note that the amount of paper required for the census of last year was stated to have been fifty-seven tons, thirteen hundredweight—comprising considerably over seven and a half million householders' schedules, more than seventy-nine thousand enumerating books, and one hundred and ten different forms for vessels.

As regards the raw materials out of which paper is made, the immense commercial importance of cotton and jute as textile products suggests a few important considerations. Within a comparatively short space of time, these fibres have been the means of founding industries which rank by the side of the time-honored silk, wool, and linen manufactures. Is it not natural to suppose that if, in scientific matters—notably electricity—we seem almost daily increasing our knowledge, similar progress should be made with respect to those more prosaic subjects which very closely affect the personal and domestic comforts of mankind? Amongst the latter, clothing is, after food, the most essential requirement. The discovery, or application, therefore, of a new textile fibre is of much economic importance; and the recently published accounts of the properties of the ananas (or pine-apple) fibre are sufficient to show that in all probability a very valuable raw material for the manufacture of certain qualities of cloth has been placed within the category of textile vegetable fibres.

The pine-apple is justly esteemed in Europe for its delicious aromatic flavor, and when grown in this part of the world, requires to be kept in hot-houses. In the more sunny regions of the East and West Indies, South America, Mexico, and the Philippine Islands, the pine-apple grows in wild luxuriance. Yet, however widespread its fame as a table fruit, it is doubtful whether many people know of the plant in connection with the textile fibre it produces. According to one practical authority, the leaves of both the wild and the cultivated kinds yield fibres which, when spun, surpass in strength, fineness, and lustre those obtained from flax. It is further added, that in its manufactured state, this product has been long known as an article of commerce in the countries referred to. One of the leading trade papers of the German textile industry has

given attention to the investigation of the properties of this fibre. From India and from Central America, two specimens of tissues woven from it have been received. The former was a piece of striped muslin; and the latter a sample of dress material in which the yarn had been bleached; thus showing that the fibre is capable of undergoing that process successfully. As to the uses to which the fibre can be put, it is asserted that it can be employed as a substitute for silk, and as a material for mixing with wool and cotton. It is likewise stated that for sewing-thread, twist, trimmings, laces, curtains, and the like, its particular qualities render it specially applicable.

As to the extent of its production — which is a primary consideration, from an industrial point of view — it is remarked that the plant in its wild state covers large tracts of land; and that, owing to the absence of suitable machinery for preparing the fibre, the domestic consumption, in the principal countries where it grows, has never increased beyond a point which leaves a large quantity for export. The large size of the leaves gives a great length of fibre, which is an advantage for manufacturing purposes. It has hitherto been mostly used, in the countries referred to, for the making of fishing-nets, lines, etc.; its great strength, and its peculiar quality of not being injured by a prolonged submersion in water, rendering it particularly adapted for such purposes. The fact that every portion of the plant is utilized either as fruit or fibre, has been urged to prove the lucrative results which may attend its cultivation. In conclusion, the writer considers that the ultimate adoption of the pine-apple fibre as a manufacturing product is assured, and urges on German manufacturers to devote special attention to this new branch of textile industry.

From The Economist.

THE FOREIGN TRADE OF CHINA.

A CONTINUED expansion of the commerce of China with foreign nations is shown in the returns of the trade at the treaty ports during the year 1881. These returns, it may be mentioned at the outset, do not give a complete view of the Chinese foreign trade, inasmuch as they take no cognisance of the very considerable quantity of goods imported or exported in such Chinese vessels as do not

come within the control of the foreign customs. Still, though in this respect imperfect, they record with sufficient closeness the fluctuations, one year with another, of the external trade of China; and it is satisfactory to find that of late their record has been one of progress. For the past three years the recorded values of the net foreign imports — that is, of the foreign goods retained in China — and of the exports of native products have been: —

	Net Foreign Imports.	Native Exports.	Total.
	£*	£	£
1881	27,195,000	19,798,000	46,993,000
1880	24,437,000	21,580,000	46,017,000
1879	24,640,000	20,028,000	44,668,000

About five-sixths of the total imports of China consist of opium, cotton and woollen goods, and metals. And as regards these staples, a comparison with 1880 brings out the following results: —

VALUES OF CHIEF IMPORTS.

	1881	1880	Increase in 1881
	£	£	£
Opium	10,416,000	8,962,000	1,454,000
Cotton goods	7,217,000	6,479,000	738,000
Woollen goods	1,622,000	1,610,000	12,000
Metals	1,338,000	1,134,000	204,000

In the sundries, which constitute the remaining sixth of the imports, the increase in 1881 over 1880 amounts to fully 1,000,000^l, a growth which may be regarded as specially gratifying, inasmuch as it may be taken to indicate that the Chinese demand for foreign goods is extending to a larger number of products, and becoming more generally diffused. The increase in the opium imports is not a feature of the year's trade which can be regarded with much satisfaction, and possibly the best that can be said of it is that it does not necessarily imply an increased use of the drug, which is now so largely produced in China itself that the import figures are of little value as a guide to the total consumption. There is, however, nothing to detract from our gratification at the development of the trade in cotton goods, the increase shown last year under this head being but the continuance of a growth which has been in progress ever since 1878, in which year the value of the cotton imports was only 4,432,000^l. The increase in woollen goods is comparatively slight, but the market for these products in China is lim-

* The Haikwan taels, in which the values are stated in the return, are converted throughout at the rate of 5s. 6¹/₂d. per tael.

ited, as amongst the poorer classes wadded cotton garments are preferred to woollens, not only because of their comparative cheapness, but also from the force of custom, which it is not easy to break through. In metals the increase arises almost wholly in tin and sheet lead and tin plates.

The chief articles of export from China are tea and silk, and of the former the export in 1881 was the largest recorded, the figures for the past five years being:—

	Piculs.
1881.	2,137,472
1880.	2,097,118
1879.	1,987,463
1878.	1,898,956
1877.	1,909,700

But the prices obtained last year for the Chinese teas, partly owing to the largeness of the supply, and also because of their inferior quality, were very low, and the recorded value of the larger shipments in 1881 is 787,000*l.* less than that of the smaller consignment in 1880. In the silk exports, also, there was last year, as compared with 1880, a decrease of

about 800,000*l.* in value, that, however, being accompanied by considerable, although not quite a proportionate, decline in the quantity shipped. These two movements account for nearly the whole of the diminution in the aggregate value of the exports of 1881, and the changes in the other branches of the export trade show few noteworthy features.

As to the direction of the trade, it is not possible to speak with absolute certainty; for while in the returns the trade of all the treaty ports is classified according to the countries of origin or destination, no such classification is given of the trade of Hong Kong, which last year amounted to 13,536,000*l.* out of the recorded aggregate of 46,993,000*l.* This Hong Kong trade, however, is simply an *entrepôt* trade, the imports thither and the exports thence coming originally from and being destined to, the various countries that do business with China. But a very good idea of the course of the Chinese trade may be gathered from the following statement of the shipping entering and clearing from the treaty ports in each of the past six years:—

TONNAGE AND NATIONALITY OF VESSELS ENTERED AND CLEARED AT TREATY PORTS.

	1881.	1880.	1879.	1878.	1877.	1876.
	tons.	tons.	tons.	tons.	tons.	tons.
American. . .	224,730	287,369	270,632	341,942	556,112	2,400,421
British. . .	10,332,248	9,606,156	8,126,004	7,439,373	6,497,352	5,181,643
Chinese. . .	4,767,183	4,828,499	4,353,696	4,377,357	3,974,544	1,404,865
French. . .	135,734	150,207	154,995	160,073	163,389	170,749
German. . .	728,027	632,044	721,046	743,457	496,908	661,668
Japanese. . .	185,892	167,902	138,208	123,887	115,263	117,134
Other nations	266,464	202,175	162,640	260,305	180,023	279,941
Total. . .	16,640,278	15,874,352	13,927,221	13,446,394	11,983,591	10,216,421

In 1876, the proportion of British to the total tonnage was about 50½ per cent., while last year it amounted to nearly 62½ per cent. It does not, of course, necessarily follow that our direct trade with China has developed in the same proportion. It must be remembered that of late years we have been getting the carrying trade of the world more and more into our own hands and that in all probability, therefore, British vessels are being employed to a larger extent in the trade of other nations with China. We know, for instance, as a fact, that while the trade between the treaty ports and the United States increased in value from 2,216,000*l.* in 1876 to 3,747,000*l.* in 1881, the American tonnage fell in the interval from 2,

400,000 tons to 225,000 tons, and although this is to a large extent attributable to the substitution of Chinese for American vessels, yet the probability is that a large number of United States ships have been replaced by British. There can be no doubt, however, that the development of Chinese trade has been largely with Great Britain and its colonies and dependencies, and that even from the growth that has taken place with other nations, we have benefited in the fuller employment it has given to our mercantile marine. We cannot, therefore, but feel deeply interested in the further extension of the Chinese trade, which, much though it has increased in recent times, is still only in its infancy, for the imports and

exports of China together do not as yet amount to more than about two shillings per head of its four hundred and fifty millions of population.

From Land and Water.
MOUNTAINEERING IN THE ALPS.

A CALAMITY of unusually tragic interest has signalized the commencement of the holiday season in Switzerland, and has opened up the old discussion on mountaineering in the Alps. In this instance the tragedy is doubly accentuated. A career full of the richest promise has been closed, and by a death at once sudden and terrible. The exact cause of the catastrophe will probably remain among the gloomy secrets of the mountains. In so perilous an undertaking, the slightest accident—a movement of the foot, a sudden giddiness, a miscalculation of distances—may be fatal. The memorable tragedy of 1865, in which Lord F. Gordon and four others lost their lives, after the first ascent of the Matterhorn, was occasioned by one of the members of the expedition failing in nerve at a very critical moment, and accidents from this cause alone are numerous in Alpine records. A touching tribute has been paid to the personal and intellectual character of Mr. Balfour from the pen of one who knew him in the intimacy of college rivalry, and than whom none is more fitted to speak of the great achievements of the deceased and of the brightness of the life so swiftly and mysteriously extinguished. It is infinitely saddening that a career of such high possibilities should have been terminated by what seems an almost reckless adventure. Little as is made of it by Alpine tourists of the present time, the scaling of the monarch of European mountains still remains a feat that should not be idly attempted. It is attended with many dangers at all periods of the year, and from whatever side it is essayed. From the meagre telegram announcing Mr. Balfour's fate it would seem that he, accompanied by one guide only, was ascending the Italian side of the mountain with, no doubt, the intention of making the descent into the valley of the Arve, in the Swiss canton. Such an attempt under any circumstances was attended with grave danger, aggravated by the fact that the traveller had started without the requisite assistance. To these are to be added the unpreparedness of Mr. Balfour for

such a severe task on his strength and nerves. The habits of a successful student, fresh from the honors of his *alma mater*, are not a fit training for a conqueror of Alpine mountains. Many weeks of careful preparation are necessary to strengthen the muscles and give tone to the system. The hand and eye and foot must be educated for the task, and not the least quality that is needed is the power—in most cases an acquired gift—of looking down from a dangerous declivity or height without giddiness or that sinking of the heart that oppresses many an otherwise strong and stalwart climber. Without these qualities the perils of Alpine mountaineering—in themselves sufficiently great—are enormously increased; and it cannot be too strongly urged on the young and adventurous that attempts made without such preparation are exceedingly dangerous, and that the courage displayed in making them is scarcely distinguishable from foolhardiness. When a tragic incident draws attention to the dangers of Alpine mountaineering it is customary to hear the practice condemned, and the lovers of the pastime held up to ridicule and censure. In our opinion such censure is unfair, and altogether lacking in that wide sympathy with the inclinations of others which should be the basis of all criticism on matters lying outside the region of pure morals. The pleasures of mountaineering to those who indulge in them are of the keenest kind; and the dangers by which they are undoubtedly attended are very much exaggerated by the critics who know nothing of them by actual experience, and to whom it seems, necessarily, a species of madness to tempt the knife-like edges of a snow-ridge where a single slip would be fatal. Without disputing the assertion of the knight of Snowdown,—

If the pass be dangerous known,
The danger self is lure alone,

it is a well-authenticated fact that the risk to life and limb in Alpine adventure is not greater than the same risks in the English hunting-field, or in the exercises of boating and swimming. In all these pastimes accidents are in the vast majority of cases due to inexperience or recklessness. It is seldom that a good hunter is fatally thrown, or that a swimmer of strength and experience is drowned. And the cases of fatal accidents that have occurred in mountaineering to climbers of judgment and experience may be counted, during the last decade, on the fingers of

one hand. Men who choose to wander without guides among snow-clad mountains and over glaciers with which they are unacquainted, take their lives in their hands. If they suddenly plunge into a crevasse or lose their footing on a slippery declivity of snow, such chances should be discounted. To win the perilous heights of the *Pointe des Ecrins*, as was done without guides some years ago by two American youths, was a daring feat. But it was not mountaineering. It was in fact opposed to some of the first principles on which mountaineers work, and to which are attached the highest importance. We are at liberty, if so minded, to admire the strong-hearted youths who so strangely dared death in many of its most terrible forms; but mountaineers are careful to guard against the assumption that such foolhardy feats have the sanction of authority. When any considerable ascent is attempted by a novice, the preparations should be made with the utmost precaution, and the leading guide empowered with full authority to act as emergencies may demand. All the climber's movements, even his speech, should be regulated by the leader, to whom the direction of every crevasse is known, and whose instinct is usually unerring in the presence of an impending avalanche. The verdict of the Alpine Club in this matter is conclusive. It may be stated briefly thus: Never dispense with the services of a guide unless you are skilled enough to take his place. With some ambitious mountaineers there is a prejudice against the employment of guides. They imagine that it reduces them to the position of lay figures in a procession. But such self-effacement is altogether unnecessary. The guide is to the climber what the teacher is to the pupil, and may be followed with the same intelligence. An apprenticeship is as necessary to sport as to business, and to the rejection of this truism many of the appalling disasters of mountaineering are to be ascribed. To understand the secret of the delights of mountaineering is only a degree more difficult than to understand the secrets of the pleasures of the chase. Both are engaged in with an implied acceptance of the danger-conditions. The chase is, however, a national pastime with which all are familiar, and he is a poor sportsman whom the risks would deter from following the hounds. But in mountaineering, and particularly in Swiss moun-

taineering, if precautions are taken, it is even possible to avoid all risks without losing any of the charms of adventure. To enjoy to the fullest the fascination of the Alps, and to feel the inspiration of its atmosphere, it is altogether unnecessary for the climber to essay any of the dangerous Alpine peaks, such as the *Weiss-horn*, the *Matterhorn*, or the steep crags of the *Rothhorn*. Mountains of surpassing grandeur and glacier passes of all kinds may be conquered almost without danger, if the climber possesses a fair stock of health and has had a fair amount of training, united to a sturdy heart. One who has these can enjoy all the delights of the mountains. Only those who have realized it can fully appreciate the keen sense of pleasure that the traveller feels when he stands on the crest of some snow-crowned peak when the dawn begins to redden the east, shimmering down slowly over a world of snow and ice, with a hundred white peaks reflecting the rays in golden splendor; when the rugged form of the *aiguilles* and peaks begin to sharpen in the growing light, and when the last star disappears in the deep azure of a southern sky. It is the memory of such hours as these that makes the climber enthusiastic in defence of his favorite pastime, and gives him a keen anticipation of the future holidays among the mountains. There is no doubt that some mountaineers have a pleasure in ascending peaks and perilous passes for the mere love of climbing. This feeling it would be difficult to explain, but that it exists there can be little doubt, from the experiences that have been given to the world. But all who are familiar with Alpine literature are aware that the Almers of the mountains are men whose sense of the sublime is strong; and who are not insensible to its beauties. It is not, however, to the individual mountaineer only that Alpine exploits are rich in results. To science they have contributed much that is interesting and important. Through them the wonders of the kingdom of frost and snow have been displayed, the manifold beauties of the imprisoned glacier ice exhumed, and the long-hidden mysteries of their noiseless movement explained and classified. These alone are valuable contributions to the thought of the age, and entitle mountaineering to a higher place in the records of the time than it is the fashion to grant it.

From The Leeds Mercury.

HINDOO MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.

THE Hindoos have a saying amounting to a proverb, that a marriage cannot be effected amongst them without a lakh of words. They might also say with equal truth that the event involves as great an expenditure in the matter of rupees. For, from first to last, Hindoo weddings are as costly as they are curious. It is well known that they take place very early in the life of the couple immediately concerned; but probably few persons, save those who have studied East Indian manners and customs, are aware that the marriage proper, coming as it does, at that period of life when the Hindoo bride has only entered upon her teens, and the bridegroom is still in his boyhood, has been preceded years before with a betrothal ceremony which has practically sealed the fate of both. On each occasion, and in the interval between, numerous rites and festivities are indulged in, to the profit of certain parties whose business it is to effect marriages, to the delight of numerous invited guests, to the misery of the couple themselves, and to the cost of the parents on either side. There is no love-making in the matter. It is purely a business arrangement, the negotiations being carried out by self-appointed delegates. Even if the couple were of an age to admit of a mutual attachment springing up, the rules of the Hindoo household are such that the boy and the girl know nothing of each other until they meet to give effect to the decree of betrothal. Both are then the merest children, the girl but little removed from infancy, and there is of course a great change in their appearance and manner when the time comes for the performance of that later ceremony pronouncing them finally wedded man and wife. In the interval, however, the little girl is cruelly weaned from the delights of her babyhood and subjected to a superstitious novitiate for her duties as a girl-wife. The boy has greater freedom. The growth of his individuality is in no way warped. It is otherwise with the girl, and indeed Hindoo female life from the cradle to the grave is so sad a round of existence that one cannot wonder at the mothers amongst them looking on the girl-baby as a symbol of misfortune. Being the work of professional delegates, the negotiations for a Hindoo marriage are conducted with a due regard to the fitness of the parties in a pecuniary and social sense. These

match-makers are known as *ghatucks*, if men, and *ghatkees* if women. The latter have an immense advantage over the former in the privilege of their sex, which permits them to have access to the inner rooms of a household. It is the duty of the *ghatucks* and *ghatkees* to unmake as well as to make engagements, and according to their skill in the task are their emoluments great or small. They do not wait to be hired. As a rule they anticipate the work required at their hands. They know the marriageable children. They rely mainly on two arguments in bringing about a match — on personal appearance in the case of the girl, on intelligence as regards the boy. The boy must be well trained, and the more advanced his scholarship the higher will be the price they will seek for him in the matrimonial market. If the girl be good-looking and her parents rich, her mind may be a blank so far as scholastic instruction goes — in fact, the more ignorant she is, the better is she fit for the foolish and degrading service reserved for her. Her only hope is in the Zenana mission, and fortunately that is a work which slowly but surely is preparing the Hindoo woman for the birthright from which she is shut out. The match-makers, in going through their work, indulge in the most extravagant phrases. Their words are likely to be the more flowery if the subject of them should happen to be anything but worthy of their meed of praise. Their goddess of fortune has the suggestive name Luckee; and they never fail to commend the girl to the boy's parents in words signifying that her speech is that of this goddess. She will bring fortune, they say, to any family with whom she may become a member; and as to her person, they can compare it in brilliancy and beauty to nothing but the full moon. The rarest plants and the gayest birds are frequently employed to give an idea of her personal charms. They describe to the girl's parents the qualities of the boy in the same exaggerated language, speaking of him as the envy of every other household where there is a marriageable daughter, as the most promising scholar in the neighborhood, as a student who pores over his books by night and day, and, in short, as a boy who is likely to stand amongst the great and mighty men of his country. But with all this exuberance of Oriental talk, the essential points of caste and respectability are never overlooked; and if these are found satisfactory, and there

should appear no reason why the task the ghatucks have taken in hand should not be allowed to go on to its consummation, a demand for preliminary presents is made by the boy's parents upon the parents of the girl. The demand is sometimes so heavy as to lead to disputes; and here the ghatucks play a part, succeeding usually in obtaining a reduction of the claim. It is thought time enough when these preliminaries are settled to wait upon the children. The girl is seen first. The ghatucks and the father or brother of the boy visit her. She is, say, eight, or at the most ten, years of age, and as she is asked to sit down by herself on the floor that she may be questioned by the strangers, the meeting is naturally a great trial to the girl—no less a trial because she can have but a crude notion of the meaning of the situation. She answers as best she can the questions put to her as to her name, age, parentage, and the like. All the while the professional match-makers keep up a running commentary in praise of her appearance and of the resemblance she presents to the mythical Luckee. This is done by them, of course, to influence the father or brother of the boy in coming to a favorable decision, which, if reached, is manifested by some gift of more or less value being given to the girl as a sign of approval, and also by a distribution of money among the servants. This stage in the negotiations having been brought to a satisfactory conclusion, the boy is visited by the father of the girl, and is subjected in the presence of a university graduate to a very strict scholastic examination. If both sides are pleased with the result of these interviews, a marriage contract is drawn up by a Brahmin and duly attested, the usual signatures being ratified not simply by witnesses, but by the production of a variety of articles considered to have an influence on the welfare of the betrothed couple. Entertainments and ceremonies of various kinds follow, and there is much jubilation in anticipation of the first marriage or binding ceremony. In the arrangements for the union the Hindoo females, the widows excepted, take a lively interest. Widows are excluded from any active share in the preliminaries, lest their help and presence might becloud the future of the young bride, and this is perhaps the least objectionable of the superstitious notions in which the sex indulge to secure, as they believe, a long life of happiness and undivided attach-

ment for the girl. The boy's welfare is considered to be pretty well assured, but his mother and her female friends strive their hardest by retaliatory rites to overcome the machinations resorted to on behalf of the girl, their fear being that unless this is done the boy's love for his mother and his home is not likely to withstand the attempts of the other party to capture his whole affections. When at length the day for the marriage arrives, the professional match-makers are replaced by professional genealogists, and long ancestral lists are read, showing the antiquity and doughty deeds of the families interested in the ceremony. The bride and bridegroom are gaily dressed, their ornaments and drapery having a symbolic meaning as well as being intended for show. The ceremony itself is also rich in symbolism. Thus the hands of the bridegroom are tied by a piece of thread as long as his body, and the mother-in-law passes a weaver's shuttle through the thread to signify that he is bound durably into a new relationship. She also touches his mouth with a padlock, and makes pretence of sewing his lips together, the idea being that after this rite he will never scold the girl; and that he may continue to treat his child-wife as a "sweet" darling, spices, sugar, and honey are sprinkled or smeared over him. Many other religious and domestic rites, lasting through the night, are indulged in, and before the tedious ceremony is at end bride and bridegroom are inwardly sick of the whole affair, and anxious only for the opportunity to return single again to the home of their youth. Their separate departure is also celebrated in extravagant fashion, and for several days presents are interchanged between the families. The second or real marriage takes place when the girl arrives at her twelfth or thirteenth year. If the ceremonies on the first occasion were unpleasant to the girl, they are still less attractive to her now, for although she has by this time become conscious of the nature of her new life, and is prepared cheerfully enough to discharge its obligations, the preliminaries appear to have been devised with the sole aim of subjecting the bride to indignities and penance. However "all's well that ends well" with Hindoo customs as with other things, and it is satisfactory to know that the peculiar courtship and marriage ceremonies referred to in this sketch, are, as a general rule, the prelude to a contented married life.

OWLS.

From Time.

THE name of owls is legion — the snowy owl, the harfang or "hare-killer" of the Swedes; the coquimbo or burrowing owl, that "goes into diggings" with the prairie-dog and the rattlesnake, an underground triumvirate, whose symmetry is generally destroyed by the owl eating the snake; the Indian owls that confer a benefit on mankind by garotting green parrots at night; the small house owls, whose person a good Buddhist must reverence, for "the gods come oftentimes thus;" the great Virginian owl that spends the night in circumventing the "cute Yankee turkey, who, "on the approach of his enemy, ducks his head and spreads his tail over his back, so that his assailant, impinging upon the inclined plane of slippery feathers, glides off harmlessly;" and the sheep-slaying eagle owl. But of British owls, the snowy owl, the horned owls, and the scops-eared owl are not common enough to be of legislative importance, and for practical purposes the owl list is limited to two — the brown or tawny owl, and the barn or white or screech owl. But these two are as different as such near relations can be; and it is only on the analogy of previous errors that we can understand how the "farmer's friends" in the lower House omitted their best friend, the barn owl; or how the game-preservers in "another place" acquiesced in the protection of the brown owl, one of their greatest enemies. But after all it is only carrying into a higher court the action of the farmer who nails the dead body of a screech-owl on his own barn-door to encourage other birds to come there and catch mice; and of the gamekeeper who carefully preserves the game-eating brown owl. Under a single nest of the barn owl were found several *bushels* of pellets of skins and bones of field mice; and the contents of one brown owl's larder, as reported in the *Field*, were "five leverets, four young rabbits, three thrushes, and a fine trout weighing half a pound." *Ubi res adsunt quid opus est verbis* — let the dead mice and the dead rabbits speak for themselves. As if, moreover, nature intended to make it impossible for our legislators to mistake their friends from their enemies, she has made one a white bird that "screeches," and the other a brown bird that hoots, or, as the poets say, complains pensively to

the moon, like a nightingale with the whooping-cough — owl broth, as they believe in Yorkshire, being a certain cure for that disease. The barn owl, on the other hand, never hoots, but, says Gilbert White, "it does, indeed, snore and hiss in a tremendous manner, and these menaces well answer the purpose of intimidation, for I have known a whole village up in arms on such an occasion, imagining the churchyard to be full of goblins and spectres." But, notwithstanding all these personal and economic distinctions, the barn owl and the brown owl find themselves, to this day, nailed up, side by side, as vermin, by farmers, and scheduled together as "protected" birds, by act of Parliament. Nor is it any real excuse to say that the barn owl occasionally picks up a young chicken by mistake for a mouse, or that the brown owl has been known to kill a rat in the dark instead of a rabbit; for the best of us err sometimes. But as a rule owls are consistent in their diet, and ought not to be mistaken for each other. But the owl in his old age — and every owl, even as he first peeps out of the egg-shell upon an ungrateful world, bears upon his wizened face the imprint of untold centuries — ought to be used to misconception. The ancients made him the bird of wisdom; but an owl has been known to sit for thirteen hours under a leaking water-tap, with the water dripping on to his head at the rate of twenty drops a minute; and would any fowl that was not a brainless idiot do the like? Rustic legends again speak with bated breath of "the ill-fac'd owle, death's dreadful messenger," of the solemn spectral owls which "premonish the noble family of Arundel of Wardour of approaching mortality," for when

Screech owls croak upon the chimney-tops,
It's certain that you of a corse shall hear.

And, because one of these birds strayed into the Capitol, that great republic, Rome, underwent a public illustration,

The round-fac'd prodigy t' avert
From doing the town and country hurt.

But now, as if in mockery of these high pretensions, no sooner does an owl venture out into the daylight, than crowds of sparrows and all kinds of feathered raff assemble to jeer and jostle the unhappy bird till it blunders back into the dark again.